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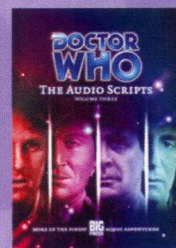
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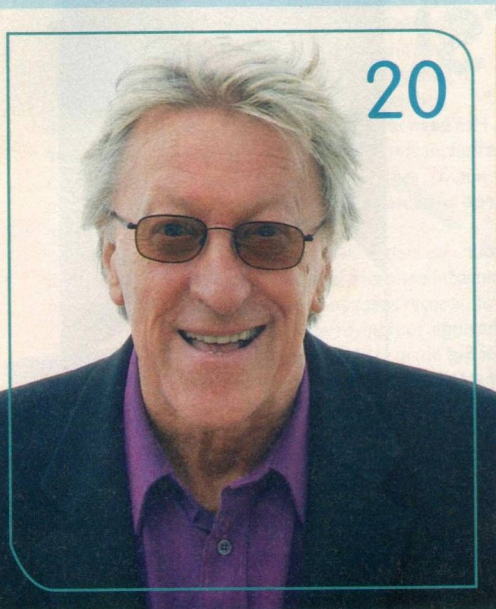
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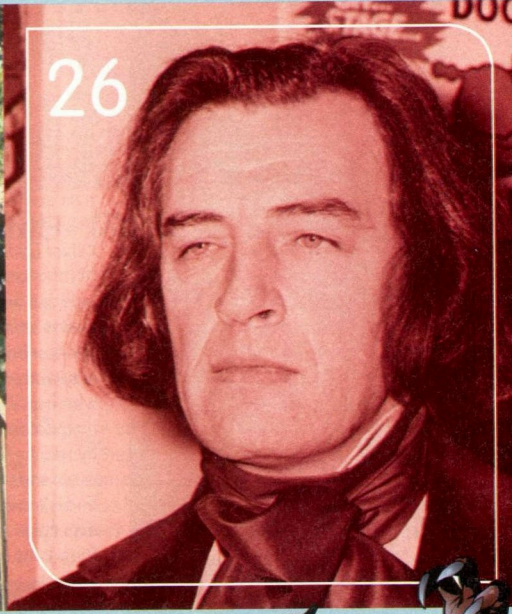
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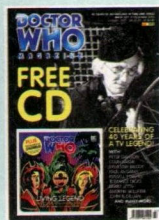
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GALLIFREY GUARDIAN

OTHER NEWS

SCALES ON THE WEB



Gary Russell's 1996 Virgin Missing Adventure *The Scales of Injustice* is to become BBCi's latest e-book from the second week of February. The novel, featuring the Third Doctor, Liz Shaw, the Brigadier and the Silurians, is a sequel to the 1970 TV story *Doctor Who and the Silurians*, and is set between *Inferno* and *Terror of the Autons*. It also explains the departure of Liz, who never had a 'proper' leaving scene on TV. The BBCi version of the book will be accompanied by new illustrations from Daryl Joyce.

THREE DOCTORS FAULT

The recent BBC Worldwide DVD release of *The Three Doctors* contains a minor fault. The Restoration Team's Steve Roberts explained that it occurs "at the end of Episode Two, at the last chapter point. The sound continues across the chapter point, but the video jumps back three seconds before continuing. The result is that one shot is repeated, and from that point on the pictures are three seconds out of sync with the sound. I have checked the masters and they are fine, so it's an error that has crept in downstream of us. In other words, it's not our fault!"

BE NICOLA'S FRIEND!

Peri actress Nicola Bryant recently launched her new official website and fan club, *Friends of Nicola*. As well as featuring all the latest news about Nicola, the site has a photo gallery, a full biography, and an 'Ask Nicola' section. Anyone joining will receive a welcome pack, newsletters, and invites to special 'Meet Nicola' events. The website can be found at www.nicolabryant.net or you can write to *Friends of Nicola* at PO Box 38146, London, W10 6XR. Please remember to enclose an SAE with any enquiries.

WIN PLAGUE!



Doctor Who turns pyromaniac in *The Visitation* (on release now as a BBC Worldwide DVD priced £19.99), and to have a chance of winning one of five copies, simply tell us the correct answer to this query:

What does the Terileptil Leader destroy in this story? Is it [a] The Sonic Screwdriver; [b] Sonic the Hedgehog; [c] Sonique, the popstrel?

Send your answer on a postcard or stuck-down envelope marked **THEY'VE CERTAINLY LET THE GRASS GROW** to the editorial address by 4 March, ta.

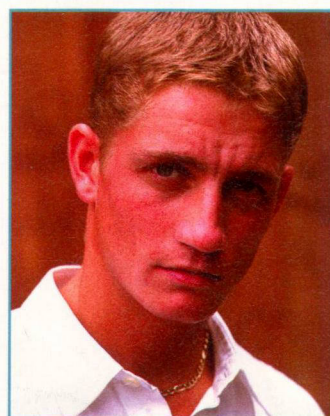
EXCLUSIVE: A NEW FRIEND FOR THE SEVENTH DOCTOR

NEW HEX-PLOITS!

Big Finish's Gary Russell has exclusively revealed to **DWM** that the Seventh Doctor is to gain a new companion in his next audio adventure. Hex will be played by former *Brookside* actor Philip Oliver [pictured], and makes his debut in June's release, *Harvest*. Hex is a 23-year-old human from the year 2021, who is working as a staff nurse in a London hospital when he makes the acquaintance of 'Dorothy McShane' who has also been working at the hospital for some months. Intrigued by her, he follows her home one night to an address in Shoreditch, only to find it's not quite the home he expected ... "Hex and Ace form a good friendship and join the Doctor in

solving the galaxy's problems," Russell tells **DWM**. "However, Hex has a secret in his past, and knows that one day, whether he likes it or not, it might surface. So he opts to keep quiet ... for now ...

"I'd been faffing around about casting Hex for a few months now," Russell continues. "A number of incredibly appropriate actors having crossed my path in a number of Big Finish productions, or on TV or stage, but it wasn't until I watched the last couple of episodes of the much-missed *Brookside* that I realised Hex had been staring me in the face for years now! Tinhead was exactly the scally I'd been looking for, so I asked around a few contacts at Mersey TV to



find out if Philip Oliver might be interested. Word came back that he was, and I couldn't be more chuffed. I'm looking forward to going into the studio in January with Sylvester, Sophie and Philip, and to get going on yet another new Big Finish team-up!"

2004 AUDIOS UPDATE

Gary has also given **DWM** some exclusive news about three upcoming Doctor Who audio plays. Following the end of the third series of Eighth Doctor adventures, April's release will be *Axis of Insanity* by Simon Furman. Russell says that this Fifth Doctor story is "set at the Nexus of all realities, where things may not be exactly as they seem ..." Furman is a name familiar to *Transformers* fans having written many of the most popular comic strips. He has also written several **DWM** comic strips in the

1980s including *A Cold Day in Hell*, *Redemption* and *The Crossroads of Time*. Newcomer Paul Sutton is the writer of May's Sixth Doctor adventure *Arrangements for War*. "Paul submitted an idea for the *Excels* mini-series a couple of years ago," explains Russell, "and had we done a fifth one, he'd have written it. For this one I asked Paul for something akin to a Mills and Boon story set on an alien planet ..." Finally, Philip Oliver's Hex makes his debut in June's release, the Seventh Doctor and Ace story *Harvest*, which will be written by Dan Abnett, another former contributor to the **DWM** comic strip.

BILL STRUTTON 1918-2003

Writer Bill Strutton, who scripted 1965's *The Web Planet*, died on 23 November 2003, aged 85. Born in Southern Australia, Strutton became a bank clerk before joining the Australian army at the outbreak of World War II. After the war he settled in London, and in 1957 he had his first novel published, *Jury of Angels*. He soon began to write for television shows including *Iuanhoe*, *No Hiding Place*, *The Avengers*, *The Protectors* and *The Saint*. His first work for the BBC came in 1964 with episodes of *Dr Finlay's Casebook*, R3 and, of course, *Doctor Who*. The six episodes of *The Web Planet* were to become Strutton's only work for the series, although he novelised the story as *Doctor Who and the Zarbi* in 1965. Strutton suggested an idea for another *Doctor Who* serial to producer Verity Lambert, but it wasn't taken up.



His television career continued with episodes of *The Man in Room 17*, and he wrote the movie *Assignment K*. Strutton had a further idea for a *Doctor Who* story in 1970, and the then-production team of Barry Letts and Terrance Dicks commissioned a four-part storyline, *The Mega*. Strutton delivered ahead of schedule, but Dicks and Letts ultimately decided not to pursue his ideas. Bill Strutton retired from writing in the mid-1970s and moved to Surrey. He is survived by a son and two daughters.

DOCTOR DOWN SOUTH?

DWM has received news that a new *Doctor Who* project is currently in development for BBC South. The producer of the project is Bill Baggs (familiar to readers from his BBV projects such as *The Stranger* and *The Airzone Solution*) and he has been working with Lee Desty, the editor of [local news programme] *South Today*. Baggs told **DWM** that "BBC South is planning to mark *Doctor Who*'s 40th anniversary with a special project which will air in the spring. Although



it is all very much in the planning stages, the hope is to produce a special *Doctor Who*

WIN JELLY!



Three *Doctor Whos* must join forces to defeat the evil Omega in BBC Worldwide's DVD release of 1973's anniversary tale *The Three Doctors* (on sale now priced £19.99),

and you can win one of five copies they've kindly donated, but only if you send us the correct answer to this tricky poser: ...

Where does Omega live?

Is it [a] In a black hole; [b] in a blackberry [c] in Blackpool?

Send your answer on a postcard or stuck-down envelope marked **GOO-GOO-GA-JOOB!** to the editorial address by 4 March. Ta.

drama of about 20 minutes duration. This will probably be split into 5 four-minute episodes to be broadcast over the course of a week. The current plan is for it to be transmitted on BBC1 on *South Today* in its 6.30 slot, but there is the possibility of a broadcast outside of that." Bill stressed that rights negotiations are still continuing, so no script has yet been completed and no casting has been confirmed, but suggested that there were tentative plans to do some mini-documentary features on *Doctor Who* locations around the region. **DWM** will be keeping readers up-to-date with any developments on this production.

WHO'S THE WEAKEST LINK?

Writer **Nev Fountain** takes us backstage on Children In Need's **Dead Ringers/Doctor Who/Weakest Link** crossover!

There are many legends about the Death Zone on Gallifrey. One story has it that the Time Lords found the practice of aliens fighting to the death so cruel and barbaric that they decided to shut it down forever. Another, far more believable story, recounts how the Time Lords thought it wasn't anywhere near cruel enough, so they relocated it to W12, gave the Yeti an eye-patch and re-named it 'Children in Need'.

In this dread arena, respected newsreaders are forced to hand-jive, soap stars are bludgeoned into making appalling covers of atrocious 1980s records, and most terrifyingly of all, comedy writers are made to undergo the unimaginable torture of Doing A Sketch For Charity.

Well, the writing process sounded funny. Imagine the delighted laughter coming from our cubicle after we'd heard out it was going out live ...The giggles of mirth as we were told that half the material we'd written had to be cut ...The shrieks of hysterical merriment when we were informed that the sketch's punch-line had to be changed because the people who owned the rights to, erm, Tom Baker had refused us permission to use him, as they'd heard we were going to make fun of his inability to get up stairs.

But I jest. It was a laugh, really it was. It was lovely to do. It was just like any Doctor Who recording. The monsters overheated and had to drink through straws (the first time anyone's been jealous of the guy in the Pudsey costume), the old cast teased the new boys (see below), and after being perfect in rehearsal, Kg completely and utterly conked out on the night. Mat Irvine shook his head and said "he's never done that before!" I get a feeling that shaking his head and saying "he's never done that before!" is something Matt Irvine has done many times before.

Colin Baker cheekily took Jon Culshaw to task for saying in the *Radio Times* that he 'needed a slap'. Of course Jon had meant it was the Sixth Doctor, not Colin, that needed a slap, and Colin knew that, but it didn't stop him huffing with mock-offence, and making Jon sweat with apologies – proving, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that Colin really does need a slap!

And so off we went. Dimensions in Time had the Rani, we had Jan Ravens as Anne Robinson. I'll leave you to decide which



THE THREE DOCTORS...?

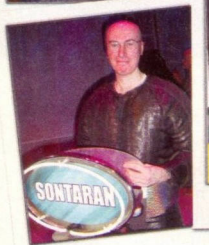
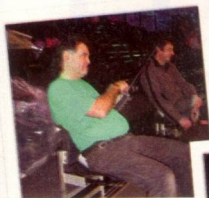
one was the most preposterous overblown villainess in the Universe.

The audience was pretty quiet throughout, tittering respectfully instead of whooping insanely as they'd done mere minutes before. Having been invited to be there because of their efforts for CIN, I guessed that any humour that didn't involve baths full of baked beans and comedy curly wigs was pretty much out of their ken. I was helpfully told after the fact that the average Children in Need audience never warms up until 9pm. Hurrah.

I stuck around to watch the other sketches we'd done (which, irritatingly, went down much better, even though they'd taken much less time and trouble to write) and I went home, happy in the knowledge that I had done my bit. Then I logged on to read posts from hundreds of indignant fans who all thought I'd destroyed Doctor Who forever with my naughty jokes. Oh well, I muse to myself, I'm playing a paedophile in a Dead Ringers sketch on Monday, so at least I'll get a chance to feel slightly more popular than I do now ...

But it really gave me a great feeling of doing something truly worthwhile. It's not often you can take part in something that gives the less fortunate in society a reason to live and carry on. I mean it's what it's all about, isn't it? Giving the fans something new to fight about, on the subject of whether it's 'canon'.

Oh yes, and helping the kiddies. Yes. The kiddies in need. Them too.



WHAT THE PAPERS SAID

A ROUND-UP OF DOCTOR WHO'S APPEARANCES IN THE UK PRESS, COMPILED BY **HUW TURBERVILL**

OCTOBER All bets are off on Alan Davies becoming the Doctor, according to *The Sunday Express* on October 12. It reports that bookmaker William Hill is turning customers away after a flood of wagers on Davies, seeing his odds drop from 8-1 to 3-1. Colin Baker wants Dawn French to be the Doctor, claims *The Daily Express* on Oct 17. "I doubt anyone is entirely male or female," he says. "I'm certainly in touch with my feminine side." *The Mirror* is first with the rumour that television executives, flying back from New York, were overheard discussing their desire for Rowan Atkinson to be the Doctor. *The Sun* follows up the next day and even quotes a 'BBC insider' as saying: "Rowan would be ideal. Getting him would mean the show will be a huge success abroad as well as in the UK." A spokeswoman for Atkinson is reported to say: "I'm sure he'd be keen to do Dr Who, but it depends on his film schedule."

NOVEMBER *The Guardian's* Matthew Norman has been threatening a campaign to stop Davies becoming the Doctor, but is shocked to receive an e-mail from him on November 4: "The Doctor Who thing was all paper talk cooked up by people who, like yourself, have to fill a certain amount of space each week and sometimes find it a bit of a struggle, so a 'campaign' is hardly necessary." *The Sun* is first with the news this time – on Nov 7 – that David Beckham is to be the next Doctor. You need not fear, however – it will just be for a new BBC special called *Celebrity Time Machine*. Janet Ellis reminisces about *The Horns of Nimmon* to the *Express* on Nov 8. "It was impossible not to laugh," she says, "particularly when these huge bull-like creatures came on, stomping about with little actors cowering behind, doing the voices." *The Times* on Nov 13, publicising *Scream of the Shalka*, claims BBC Worldwide is still pressing ahead with plans for a film, "possibly starring Paul McGann." Matthew Sweet has some advice for Russell T Davies in *The Independent on Sunday* on Nov 16. "This is an auspicious moment to be relaunching Doctor Who," he writes. "CCTV has every British shopping street under surveillance. There are crops ... that might be more dangerous than any Krynoid pod. Mobile phones are boiling our brains. Daily Mail readers believe that

Britain is already suffering an alien invasion. We are re-learning the paranoias that gave shape to the original series." *The Daily Star's* Dominik Diamond wants Bill Nighy in the TARDIS. On Nov 16, he writes: "He is the most watchable actor in the world today. And don't even THINK of casting anybody else to be the next Doctor." Two days later *The Daily Star* promotes *The Royle Family's* Ricky Tomlinson: "There are always funny moments in the show and a Scouse accent would work well," he says. "I've always fancied myself as a bit of an action hero and I'd love to do some Dalek-bashing." Psychologist Oliver James, in *The Times* on Nov 21, puts Who's return down to fans' love of nostalgia because "their childhoods were more than averagely lonely, neglected or abusive." Tom Baker is eyeing a new role, according to *The Sunday Express* on Nov 23. "I'd like to come back as The Master," he says. "That would be a master-stroke!" On the same day *The People* reports his feelings towards Mary Tamm. "All I could think about were her bosoms, I kept looking at her wonderful lips and then her bosoms." In the same article, it is revealed that "Dalek phrases include BRINDIGULUM (a talk between four or more Daleks), CLYFFIL (I understand you but I don't agree), GALKOR (Follow me, I am your guide) and NESD (I warn you to beware)." They didn't mention the forbidden letter of the Dalek alphabet, though! *The Sun*, on Nov 24, reveals that the Daleks may be denied a reunion with the Doctor "because of a row between the BBC and the executors of Terry Nation's estate." *The Daily Star*, on Nov 25, reports that fans are bombarding Russell T Davies with e-mails. "They must think I'm rude for not replying," he says, "but it's got to the stage where I can't respond because there's just so many." Dalek-table news in *The Express* on Nov 27. It claims negotiations are now "progressing well, with their return set to be made official very soon." Meanwhile *The Daily Star* quotes RTD's interview with *TV Times*. "It's so offensive that, because I'm gay, they say things like [the Doctor will be gay]," he says. "I was on the radio ... and the woman presenter said, 'Does this mean the Doctor's going to wear a pink shirt and a chiffon scarf?' How stupid is that?" He also says: "We've got Buffy the Vampire Slayer now, so a screaming girly companion would be laughed out of the room."



EDITOR'S LETTER

So did you all have a nice Christmas? We did. Er, possibly. Because to be honest it hasn't happened yet from our point of view. One of the scourges of the publishing world are things called 'Christmas deadlines', which drop down the chimney once a year and shrink production schedules, spreading sleepless nights and relentless workloads to all good little magazines. All of which means that I'm writing this editorial about a week and a half after the last one, in the sure and certain knowledge that anything I say will be hopelessly outdated when you all read this in six weeks' time. I don't even know who won *Pop Idol*, for heaven's sake!

So I'm afraid that I don't have any snippets of gossip with which to titillate you this month, and neither are there any further gems from the offices of BBC Wales, but that's more down to the fact that Mr Davies is currently knuckling down to writing the new series of *Doctor Who*. Heehee! That's still a lovely sentence to read, isn't it?

So given all the above, it'll have to be one of those 'anecdote' editorials I'm afraid. Feel free to skip on and read the comic strip, won't you ...?

One of the maddest things to happen to me since joining **DWM** (just below Tom Baker phoning up one day to talk about sloths, and just above John Humphrys asking me what *Death Comes to Time* was actually about)

"The evil scourge of Christmas deadlines has struck **DWM**!"

occurred the other week. An invitation to a *Doctor Who* celebration plopped onto the doormat at Panini Towers – only this one was taking place at the House of Commons. An MP had decided to celebrate the anniversary with a little party (and why not?), so I thought it'd be a great opportunity to have a nose around a big posh building where us plebs aren't normally allowed. The girl at the security desk put me at ease by saying how much she used to enjoy *Doctor Who* – whilst my bag was x-rayed for bombs and a burly guard searched me rather too thoroughly. It's an astonishingly beautiful building, you know, marred only by the policemen with ill-concealed guns standing in most of the doorways. So I ambled down to one of those big stripey marquees next to the river, where the great and the good mingled with ... some MPs. There was Philip Hinchcliffe nattering to ... um, an MP, while, er, two more MPs cornered Messrs Letts and Dicks. I popped outside for a fag, slightly disappointed that instead of the champagne I'd imagined was endlessly on tap in the Commons, there were only dainty cups of tea. Admittedly none of us could quite work out what we were all doing there, but as the lovely Lis Sladen put it, it kept us all off the streets for an hour.

And then Ann Widdecombe blustered in, wanting her photo taken with a Dalek, and suddenly the whole thing seemed worthwhile.

There isn't any real point to this story, dear reader, but I did get to keep a House of Commons napkin, and I'm sure there's a punchline in there somewhere if you only search for it.

See, I said you should have skipped on to the comic strip ...

Clay

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DWMAIL



He's tiny, he's toony, and he's a little loony! So how has Richard E Grant measured up in *Scream of the Shalka* ...?

TOONING IN ...

Just watched the first episode of *Scream of the Shalka*. Good fun, capturing the atmosphere of many a 'Part One'. Apt that I ended up seeing it on a Saturday! The animation perhaps isn't as sophisticated as some people hoped, but there we go. You can certainly see the Doctor's 'Sherlock Holmes in space' characterisation. And (for once!) a nice re-arrangement of the theme!

PHILIP MAY E-MAIL

Having watched the first half of *Scream of the Shalka*, it's entertaining enough, and certainly 'Doctor Who-ish' with one crucial exception – the Doctor himself. Lord only knows what Paul Cornell thinks the Doctor should be like, but this unlikeable oaf (who seems to be the same person Richard E Grant always plays!) certainly isn't someone I'd want to hop into the TARDIS with! Let's hope when the real Ninth Doctor appears in 2005 he'll be the loveable wanderer in time and space we all remember ...

TERESA BRYANT CARDIFF

TOONING OUT!

With the television show coming back we really have no need for a *Doctor Who* cartoon, with a lead who doesn't want to be associated with the role. Many potential viewers, especially if

they see a DVD version in the shops, will assume *Scream of the Shalka* is the new *Who* show, causing confusion. Do we really want this stop-gap *Doctor Who* when we have a new TV *Doctor* in sight? I'm sorry, but the cartoon *Doctor* with his 'Dracula looks' makes me cringe. The TV revival has rendered it redundant.

TERRY WARNER WITHAM, ESSEX

THE RIGHT ATTITUDE?

I'd like to applaud Russell T Davies' response to some fans' concerns about his 'writing background'. Since, like him, I presume this refers to the fact that he is gay, I can only express my sadness at their attitude. After all, gay men and women have made huge contributions to *Doctor Who* since day one.

CHRIS CHALMERS E-MAIL

After reading the interview with Russell T Davies I must say that I thought his response to the question about concerned mail from fans regarding his writing background was a bit uncalled for. As a *Doctor Who* fan, I am glad that such a good writer is involved, but I feel that Mr Davies should understand that people are bound to look at his previous work. It is not unreasonable to have certain reservations as to how this might reflect on the characterisation of the Doctor and the general feel of the show. Although I share these doubts about his writing history (not his sexuality), I feel that it is the quality, rather than the topic, of his previous

writing that overrides any reservations one might have.

I understand his comments aimed at the media, but his attack on concerned fans could alienate those who support his appointment but have concerns about his work. It's not what I would expect from someone in his position.

MARK BAILEY E-MAIL

REPEATED MISTAKES?

If there's one thing likely to kill off the new series of *Doctor Who* it's a run of "repeats of old episodes in the same slot before the series airs." Aaaaggh! The new series must be allowed to stand up on its own merits and not be viewed in comparison to what's gone before. Many people remember the show with affection, but after too many illusions have been shattered by terrible CSO and dire monsters, there might be no-one interested in seeing fresh, shiny, new *Doctor Who*.

STEPHEN ALLRIGHT E-MAIL

THE NEXT GENERATION

I always thought that watching *Doctor Who* was a solitary vice in my household. My wife has seen quite a few stories, but isn't a fan by any measure. Years ago, when I was a child, my mum sat with me for a while, as we watched the Hartnell and Troughton episodes on a flickering black and white TV. I can still recall being scared silly by the Cybermen.

Little did my mother know the monster she was feeding! Now, here in Australia, the Doctor is getting an outing again on ABC. I asked my mum if she remembered these stories at all. Her eyes lit up and she exclaimed, "Oh, the ones with the grumpy old man – they were really good, weren't they!"

That solitary vice has now become a shared habit in my household as my 7 and 6-year-old daughters are gripped by that same grumpy old man. I feared that the sedate pace of the storytelling in the first few seasons would put them off, but I've even had requests for the incomplete stories so I've dusted off *The Reign of Terror* and *The Crusade* with more in the offing.

The show that I watched with my mother is the very same one I am showing my daughters. I confess to a lump in my throat when they said they liked the First Doctor, and wasn't he amusing? Recently my eldest daughter's class was studying studying 'old' black and white movies and TV shows, so she was delighted when I sent her to school with episodes of *The Daleks' Master Plan*.

So, at least in my household, the next generation of *Doctor Who* viewers has left the launch pad on their journey of discovery. Their destiny is in the stars – and I'll go and search for it with them.

DAVID MCKINLAY MELBOURNE

A CYNIC WRITES ...



I was surprised at the high placings of *The Curse of Fenric* and *Remembrance of the Daleks* in your anniversary special, as they are both, quite frankly, dire. They are badly directed, convoluted, seriously flawed in ideas and can by no stretch of the imagination be called 'classics'. Nevertheless, full marks for the layout and design of the mag; I really felt I got my five pounds' worth.

I'm afraid I can't say the same for *Doctor Who: The Legend* – badly laid out, and very sore on the eyes. Sticking whacking great fonts across photos was a terrible idea. I defy anyone to read the book and not be at the opticians the next day!

Finally, with all the hype of the return of the show, I for one am not impressed. These days, I'm used to the excellence of *Buffy* and *Stargate* and I just don't see the BBC delivering that calibre of show – or even the excellence of the Hinchcliffe years ...

ROGER SHORE E-MAIL

SHEER POETRY!

Thank you to all at *DWM* for providing us with the wonderfully nostalgic 40th anniversary special. My favourite part was Vanessa Bishop's catchy poem (I'm thinking of setting it to music). Vanessa is a sharp writer in more ways than one: I always enjoy her reviews, even if she has sometimes seemed to be the Simon Cowell of *Doctor Who* video releases!

PATRICK HOPLEY E-MAIL

HEART TO HEARTS

I just had to applaud you for the wonderful cover of your anniversary special – even if it initially made me want to find a more respectable publication to hide it in like *Slack Grannies* or *The Daily Mail*. However,

with the courage of my convictions, I bravely tip-toed up to the lone masticating young lady at the till. She glanced at the cover and, still chewing voraciously, grunted: "I've never seen it. Any good?" The poor girl never stood a chance! I felt like a Jehova's Witness, but one with a foot in the door, and it was all because of the cover page!

FRANK VINCENT E-MAIL

AN APOLOGY

Firstly, I sincerely and humbly apologise for my 'personal abuse' in *DWM* 337. I was just so miffed about *DWM*'s wretched insistence on using that title for 'Serial B'! However, I am very sorry for insulting you personally, Mr Hickman. However, you are letting extraordinary blunders pass unnoticed into the magazine. What's with this claim that Geoffrey Bayldon and then Hugh David was the original choice for the First Doctor? Really? What about Leslie French and Cyril Cusack? Then in the recent *We Love Doctor Who* special, you state that JNT was producer from 1981-1989. No, no, no! It was 1979-1981! Concentrate Clayton!

These gripes aside, the special was fantastic; a lovingly-crafted, lavish, informative and heart-warming tribute to our show. The photo of dear old Bill Hartnell and the toy Daleks made this cynical world-weary 32-year-old quite misty-eyed! *DWM* 337 was also very good, particularly the interview with Russell T Davies (saviour!). Russell should consider for the Ninth Doctor star names like Michael Kitchen, Damian Lewis and Michael Sheen. For Rose Tyler, various gorgeous actresses like Keeley Hawes, Dawn Steele, Lisa Faulkner, Keira Knightley or Sharon Small. I can't wait for 2005!

JAMES MORRISON SCOTLAND

1980-1989 actually, so we were both wrong! And if you want a full rundown of those originally considered as the Doctor, check out our *Complete First Doctor* special, available in March.

A STICKY PROBLEM

I'm currently halfway through *DWM* 337 and I've enjoyed what I've read so far. However, I have one complaint. Who decided to attach the free CD with sellotape? I ruined the front cover by taking the CD off. I am very, very annoyed about this. After all, it is the 40th anniversary and I don't much care for white streaks on my cover!

PETER THOMAS E-MAIL

Um, yes, we're terribly sorry about that. It was a surprise to us when we saw it, too ...

LIFE BEGINS AT ...
DWM 340!

A WARD WINNER!



The noblest Romana of them all, Lalla Ward, gives us the warts-and-all story of her time in *Doctor Who* in the first part of a revealing new interview ...

THE OTHER SIDE ...

Andrew Pixley presents part two of his fascinating new series, *Scheduled for Success*, as we meet some of *Doctor Who*'s bitterest enemies – in the ratings war!

LIVING IN A BOX!

Gareth Roberts investigates the unique properties of the Doctor's trusty TARDIS. What can and can't it do? Where can and can't it go? And why does nobody ever seem to remember any of that from one story to the next?

UNWELCOME GUESTS!

A couple of pesky varmints are causing bother for the Doctor in the third part of *Bad Blood*. Don't you just hate it when friends drop by unannounced ...?

PLUS

The Watcher has an important announcement to make! The Time Team reach *The Monster of Peladon*! We preview *The Natural History of Fear*! Plus the latest on the new series from Russell T Davies, reviews of the newest *Doctor Who* merchandise and plenty more to boot!

On sale 5 February from
WHSmith and all
good newsagents!

LEGENDARY!

Thanks for the hugely entertaining free CD with issue 337. *Living Legend* was hideously funny particularly the cleaning the TARDIS with a toothbrush joke. It certainly brightened my rather wet and cold day!

SIMON CHARLES RUDMAN E-MAIL

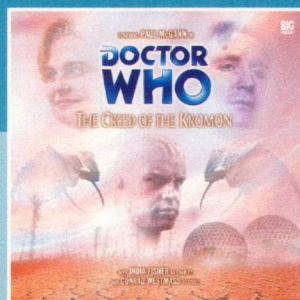
www.mallarkey.com

[buy and sell your Dr Who and scifi collectables on mallarkey]

COMING UP...



ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN GERAGHTY



THE CREED OF THE KROMON

AN AUDIO DRAMA BY PHILIP MARTIN PREVIEW BY BENJAMIN COOK

RELEASED JANUARY

Featuring The Eighth Doctor, Charley and C'rizz

Enemies Kromon (they're giant ants)

Setting Alpha Sphere (the home of the Kromon) and surrounding areas

You'll like this if you like ...

horrible things happening to nice people, bits of *The Twin Dilemma* and *Vengeance on Varos*, the 'Mindwarp' segment of *The Trial of a Time Lord*, *The Really Wild Show*

Listen out for the Doctor's Ukayai warrior cry!

Recorded 13-14 May 2003

The Doctor Paul McGann

Charley India Fisher

C'rizz Conrad Westmaas

The Oroog Brian Cobby

The Croaker Stephen Perring

L'da Jane Hills

Kromon Voices Daniel Hogarth and Stephen Perring

Sound Design/Music David Darlington

Director Gary Russell

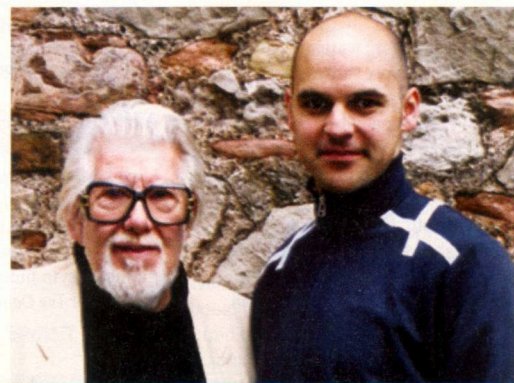
The TARDIS is in freefall towards a maelstrom of antimatter. Charley Pollard is burning to death in an airship. The experiment has begun. The TARDIS has gone, its occupants lost. Do you ever get the feeling that you should have stayed in bed? Eutermes is no place like home. No place like any place. The Kromon control everything. Everyone. Worse than that – they've big heads with antennae, horns, mouths that tear you, sacs of poison in their throat ... and the Doctor and Charley are heading their way. Who'll be turned into fertiliser? And who'll suffer the worse fate? You know, it isn't easy being green ...

"I had a plot about, like, dinosaur-type creatures that are brilliant managers," says Philip Martin, a distinguished scriptwriter and the man responsible for *Vengeance on Varos* and the confusing bits of *The Trial of a Time Lord*. "They move through the universe, drain a planet of its resources and then move on. But then Gary Russell said, 'I'd like something about insects.' I thought, 'Oh Christ!'"

He continues: "I said, 'Okay, I'll think about it,' but I didn't really get anywhere. Then I remembered that I'd read a book about ants called *The Soul of the White Ant*, so I dug it out and glanced through it again, and what struck me was the terrible force of their determination to survive. And the book said that virtually all the ants are connected to a queen – what the queen thinks, the ants follow. That was the basis of *The Creed of the Kromon*. 'What about a race of very

superior insects,' I thought, 'but still with the insect-like need for organisation and collective will? A society like that,' I thought, 'and an anarchist like the Doctor will make a good combination!' I'd really missed *Doctor Who*, because I often have ideas that can't go anywhere else."

"Big slugs!" proclaims India Fisher. "I turn into a big slug in this one." She chuckles manically. "I got better, though!" How did she get into character? "I ate lots of pies. No, that's just me." *The Creed of the Kromon*



"I LOVED ALL THE RUNNING DOWN CORRIDORS WITH PAUL MCGANN!"

New companion Conrad Westmaas explains the attraction of playing C'rizz



introduces a new companion – in the unusual form of C'rizz, played by one Conrad Westmaas. "He slithered into the studio," India laughs. "I'm still confused as to what exactly Conrad is. A six-foot cricket? Hah! No, he isn't really."

Conrad explains: "C'rizz is an Eutermersan – a humanoid race but slightly reptilian. His skin is a bit scaly, he has kind of bony ridges on his face and, most spectacular of all – especially on audio – he changes colour!" And how do you pronounce his name? It rhymes with 'berries', apparently – "just think of Cerys Matthews

"I TURN INTO A BIG SLUG IN THIS ONE. I GOT BETTER, THOUGH!"

India Fisher reveals a nasty change for Charley in *The Creed of the Kromon*

from Catatonia," he says. Actually, this isn't Conrad's first brush with *Doctor Who*. He used to be the assistant editor of a certain tatty rag ... "I've been a fan for years, hand on heart." Does he have fond memories of working on *DWM*? "It was really cool. I learnt a lot about fandom – compiling the letters page was a real eye-opener. And I loved writing the photo captions ... unless it was an *Archive of The Rescue*, in which case I struggled." Fair enough.

How did he land the role of C'rizz? "It came off the back of my part in *Omega*, which was a small part, but thank God it was a good one. I thought, 'This is my one chance to be in *Doctor Who*, so I'm going to make the most of it and scream the place down!' It was just luck that they were looking for a new companion. Gary Russell rang me up and said, 'Eighth Doctor. New companion.' I said, 'Yeah, what about it?' He said, 'You!' I was quite taken aback. He said, 'He's called C'rizz.' I said, 'Oh, a little Welsh girl? How nice!'"

India Fisher says: "Big Finish first told me about the new companion on stage at an LA convention! My gut reaction, sort of jokingly, was, 'What? No! It's just the Doctor and me! I'm sorry – no!' Actually, Conrad has been brilliant. I love him to bits. He's added a completely new dimension to it. It works really well. We've done – what? – 12 stories with just the Doctor and me, so it needed something to shake it up."

Was Paul McGann worried about someone else coming on board? "Worried? No. From where I am," he says, "from my viewpoint, I just see, initially, an expedience – I think, 'Oh right, okay, that means India must have got another job!' And then I realised that no, it's not quite like that; actually, C'rizz was a character that they'd been working on for ages. And that's great, because it takes all

sorts. The format can take any additions – I mean the stories, the idea of *Doctor Who*. It's just this, sort of, rolling revue, isn't it? You can cut a character out and put another one in, but you never really lose the heart of it. Even the main character himself – if a performer keels over or doesn't want to do it anymore, you just get someone else in ..." Richard E Grant, for instance. "Yeah, get Richard Grant in! Hah-hah. Tremble Earthlings!"

How did Philip find writing for the Eighth Doctor? "I asked for some previous CDs," he says, "and I listened to a lot of them. I like that rather Shakespearean rhythm to his speech, which I incorporated into the mix. I find the Doctors quite different. You see, *Vengeance on Varos* was written for Peter Davison originally. When I sat down to adapt it for the Sixth Doctor,

I realised that I couldn't just change the odd line; I had to rewrite the whole thing."

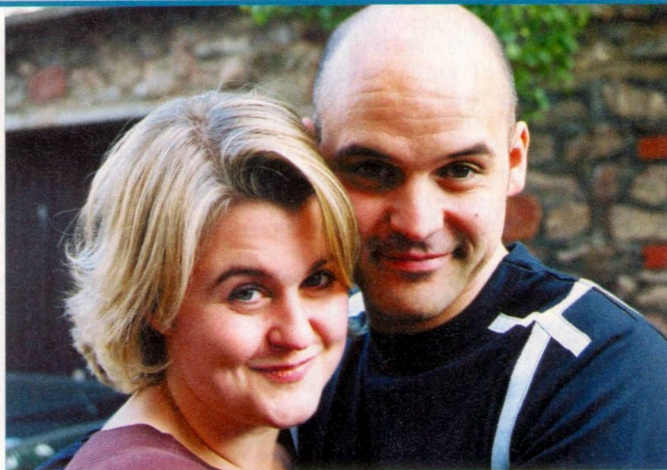
"*The Creed of the Kromon* is a real, full-on bug-eyed monster fest," Paul says. "It's a very experimental season this one. The stories are wildly different to one another."

Conrad nods. "*Kromon* is an action story. Monsters coming out of your ears. Giant insects. And C'rizz's girlfriend turns into a slug, which unhinges him a bit. He's a bit of wildcard after that. I loved all the running down corridors with Paul ..."

India sniffs. "While I was being turned into a slug."

"Yes, she was the damsel in distress!"

And did India make a good slug? "Actually, she was surprisingly awesome," grins Paul. "I thought she'd done slug before she was so good."



I wondered if she'd done a slug at drama school. You know that thing they make you do? Most drama schools, for one term, they do this thing where you have to pretend to be an animal." Perhaps we'll hear more 'slug' from India in the future? "Yeah, that'd be good! It was a slugfest."

Would Philip like to write another Big Finish audio play? Has he bitten by the bug – so to speak? "Yes, I think so. I had great fun with it," he says. "It's hard work, actually. I'd forgotten. I've written for radio – I've won awards for it – but I'd forgotten how much story it eats up. What I'd mapped out as the story was gone by a third of the way through." And would he be up for writing for the TV show again? "Yes, I would. Absolutely. I hope that the new series is a success so that we can all start working again! I think, because it's survived, it's in the national consciousness – that imaginative strand. I mean, they call it science fiction, but in a way it isn't; it's a separate genre in itself. Russell T Davies is a good writer. He's really top-drawer. I can only wish him well. And if it's a success and they commission some more, I hope that I can contribute."

TIME-PATH INDICATOR

JANUARY 2004

SATURDAY 10

TV Doctor Who: Time and the Rani by Pip & Jane Baker [Seventh Doctor and Mel] UK Gold
SUNDAY 11

TV Doctor Who: Paradise Towers by Stephen Wyatt [Seventh Doctor and Mel] UK Gold
SATURDAY 17

TV Doctor Who: Delta and the Bannermen by Malcolm Kohll [Seventh Doctor and Mel] UK Gold
SUNDAY 18

TV Doctor Who: Dragonfire by Ian Briggs [Seventh Doctor, Mel and Ace] UK Gold
MONDAY 19

DVD Doctor Who: The Visitation by Eric Seward [Fifth Doctor, Adric, Nyssa and Tegan] BBC Worldwide
SATURDAY 24

TV Doctor Who: The Happiness Patrol by Graham Curry [Seventh Doctor and Ace] UK Gold
SUNDAY 25

TV Doctor Who: Silver Nemesis by Kevin Clarke [Seventh Doctor and Ace] UK Gold
SATURDAY 31

TV Doctor Who: The Greatest Show in the Galaxy by Stephen Wyatt [Seventh Doctor and Ace] UK Gold

ALSO THIS MONTH

Audio Drama Doctor Who: The Creed of the Kromon by Philip Martin [Eighth Doctor, Charley and C'rizz] Big Finish

Novella Doctor Who: Blood and Hope by Ian McLaughlin [Fifth Doctor, Peri and Erimem] Telos £10 (standard)/£25 (deluxe edition)

FEBRUARY

SUNDAY 1

TV Doctor Who: Battlefield by Ben Aaronovitch [Seventh Doctor and Ace] UK Gold
MONDAY 2



CD Doctor Who: Fury from the Deep by Victor Pemberton [Second Doctor, Jamie and Victoria] BBC Radio Collection

Novel Doctor Who:

Scream of the Shalka by Paul Cornell [BBC's Doctor and Alison Cheney] BBC Books

THURSDAY 5

DWM Issue 340 on sale Panini Comics
SATURDAY 7

TV Doctor Who: Ghost Light by Marc Platt [Seventh Doctor and Ace] UK Gold
SUNDAY 8

TV Doctor Who: The Curse of Fenric by Ian Briggs [Seventh Doctor and Ace] UK Gold
SATURDAY 14

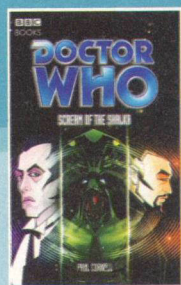
TV Doctor Who: Survival by Rona Munro [Seventh Doctor and Ace] UK Gold

ALSO THIS MONTH

Audio Drama Doctor Who: The Natural History of Fear by Jim Mortimore [Eighth Doctor, Charley and C'rizz] Big Finish

Novella Doctor Who: The Dalek Factor by Simon Clark Telos £10 (standard)/£25 (deluxe edition)

Except where stated: BBC Books novels £5.99; BBC videos £12.99; BBC DVDs £19.99; BBC Radio Collection/Big Finish audios £13.99 [all double CD]. All prices quoted are RRP.



RELEASED 2 FEBRUARY 2004

Featuring BBCi's Doctor and Alison Cheney

Enemies The Shalka

Setting Llanet, Lancashire

You'll like this if you like ... Rags, The

Stand, Target novelisations, the BBCi

webcast of Scream of the Shalka

Say what? "There was just a moment before the heat shock of the soft, caressing lava burnt Dave's consciousness away. And in that moment, he realised that the scream was his."

SCREAM OF THE SHALKA

A NOVEL BY PAUL CORNELL PREVIEW BY DAVID DARLINGTON

Atenuous Shada notwithstanding, this print remix of BBCi's recent webcast *Scream of the Shalka* must represent the first time since the 1996 TV movie that a *Doctor Who* story has been presented in two diverse media – it's now a long, long time since Target's famous novelisations were in print. "There was some thought," reveals Paul Cornell, "of doing a tie-in book range, which Justin [Richards, BBC Books range consultant] was quite keen on, and he asked if I wanted to write the launch book. I had very little time, and asked if we could start off with an extended novelisation." Extended it may be, but it's still a novelisation of an hour-long webcast and as such is inevitably just a little shorter than usual – but the book makes up for this in other ways. "We've included 12,000 words on the making of the webcast, and also the original pitch, to make it up to the size of a normal BBC book,"

Cornell reveals. "But really I'd say that in length the story itself is like a fat Target book, like *Fury from the Deep*."

And did thinking of it as a new generation Target book inform Cornell's approach to writing it? "Oh, very much! I was trying to approach it like Terrance Dicks. The novel has virtually the same scenes and dialogue as the webcast, but I've added context and background. Not that I could ever approach the abilities of Terrance, but the idea was to write a neo-Terrance book. Complete with introductions of the TARDIS and the Doctor for all new readers!" Having written so many original *Doctor Who* stories before, in diverse media, Cornell here found himself adapting his own work across two of those media. Was the adaptation process a difficult task? "Actually, no – it's always easier to have the material in front of you

and rework it. It was challenging in the sense that I didn't want to just do 'he said, she said', but to put some real depth into it. At the same time, I wanted to be absolutely faithful to the animated version. I didn't want to add lots of extra scenes to prop the story up, the story should stand up well enough in the animated version. There are differences – revelations about the Master happen at different points, a joke about the TARDIS lock was added too late to make it to the book. It's an interesting outcome of having written the novelisation as production was continuing. I don't know if that's happened before, except maybe with Gary Russell's TV movie book." And *Shalka* is a story which seems to have

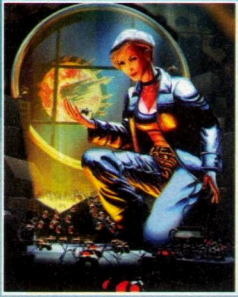
"I WAS TRYING TO APPROACH SHALKA LIKE A TERRANCE DICKS NOVEL."

Paul Cornell on writing the novelisation of his recent BBCi webcast

been carefully devised for its original medium – it's almost like a comic strip with sound. "You're right, I did think of it in terms of a graphic novel," Cornell agrees. "One of the big objectives was to do stuff that live action would find hard, so: global perspectives, lots of monsters, big crowd scenes, helicopters, piling on big effects, always show the big picture. The trouble with *Doctor Who* is that it's not used to the big picture, so to get that feeling of domesticity we had to start small at the beginning and gradually get bigger and bigger ..."

With the *Doctor Who* franchise in an excited state of flux at the moment, it may be that *Shalka* is the only outing for this Doctor. Will Cornell be disappointed if that turns out to be the case, having gone to great lengths to create him and then translate him for the page? "If it turns out there aren't any more," muses Cornell, "then I think we had a creditable stab at something which pointed the way to the future, and I'm really proud of it. If there are more, it's nice to have started something off. But there will always be fan fiction and continuity speculation and all that, so it will give fans something to talk about for a while ..."





RELEASED 18 DECEMBER 2003

Featuring The Seventh Doctor and Catherine 'Cat' Broome

Enemies The Papal Inquisition

Setting Braak, a Christian settlement, in the 28th century

You'll like this if you like ... *Loving the Alien, Blade Runner, The Name of the Rose*

Say What? "Saint Saviour's Braak. It must be. One of the great wonders of the new worlds. Gothic, ancient looking, and built less than twenty years ago ..."

COMPANION PIECE

A NOVELLA BY MIKE TUCKER & ROBERT PERRY PREVIEW BY DAVID DARLINGTON

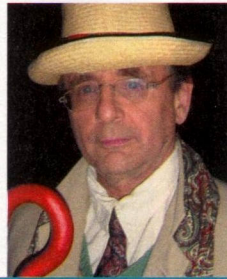
And for the first time in quite some considerable while, Robert Perry and Mike Tucker have delivered unto us a story featuring regular characters other than the Seventh Doctor and Ace. Haven't they? "It is the Seventh Doctor,"

Mike Tucker confesses, "but not Ace!" Is this a first tentative step in a permanent move away from those characters? "It's just something we were offered and did, really," shrugs Robert Perry. "It was kind of important in terms of the story that Ace wasn't in it, but it's another Sylvester story so there is continuity in some ways. We weren't really trying – there's a couple of vague references to things we've done for the BBC Books range ..."

"But it stands alone!"

Tucker concludes definitively.

"In fact, you can't really fit it anywhere into the mythos, can you?" agrees Perry. "But it's good fun. Even though we were using the same Doctor as we usually use, we were kind of free to try to do something completely different. The story is basically



Doctor Who versus the Holy Inquisition of the Catholic Church. In the 28th century! As a good Catholic boy yourself, you'll probably be mortally offended." Is he talking to me? Well, I was a good Catholic boy once ...

"I like to think that this book is quite humorous," Perry continues, "but very dark at the same time. The fundamental premise is, hopefully, soul-destroying ..."

"Very Perry-Tucker, in fact," adds Tucker, not uncharacteristically picking up his partner's train of thought. "There are a lot of funny characters, a lot of humour, but much of it is bleak and dark and horrible. It certainly isn't part of any over-arching 'arc' like the other stuff we've done, it's a very separate entity – and surely that's what the novellas are asking of us, to do something slightly different, to push boundaries that little bit further. If you're just going to produce a shorter version of a BBC novel then I suppose there's not much point. And [Telos publisher] David Howe was very keen that this particular story was something that we developed. He was the one who chased us on this one ..."

"Did he have a screwed-up Catholic upbringing as well, do you reckon?" chimes in Perry, mischievously.

"David came to me," continues Tucker firmly, "and said 'You've mentioned this storyline to me in the past, I want that developed, that's exactly what I want'. And that's fine! Somebody who knows exactly what he wants! But this really is going to be the last Seventh Doctor one we do ..."

"And from a personal point of view it was a joy," Perry adds, "because I'm a bit of a devotee of medieval history which of course is intimately bound up in the whole papacy thing. So *Companion Piece* is sort of *The Name of the Rose* – albeit not nearly so erudite or clever ..."

DWM

"IT'S DOCTOR WHO VERSUS THE HOLY INQUISITION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH!"

Paul McAuley on the fundamental themes of *The Eye of the Tyger*

IT'S ... THE ANSWERS

Find out how you highly you scored in The Watcher's Christmas Quiz ...

CONNECTIONS

- Each was followed by a mid-season Christmas break (usually three weeks, although the gap between *The Deadly Assassin* and *The Face of Evil* was a whopping six weeks). The only other instance of this sort of thing was in June 1964 during *The Sensorites*, when an extended Summer Grandstand forced a week's break between *The Unwilling Warriors* and *Hidden Danger*
- Neutron accelerator (*Planet of Evil*); neutron star (*The Creature from the Pit*); neutron flow (*The Sea Devils* and others)
- The actors who played them (Margot van der Burgh, John Woodnutt, Geoffrey Beevers, Denis Carey) all reappear in *The Keeper of Traken*
- They all end with the Doctor discovering that the TARDIS has gone missing
- The only script editors who didn't also write a credited TV script of their own

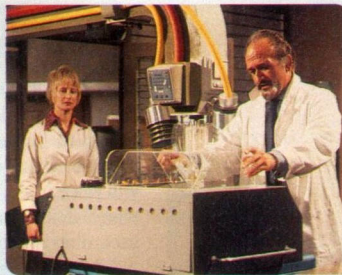
FAMOUS LAST WORDS

- Caven (*The Space Pirates*)
- Captain Wrack (*Enlightenment*)
- Eldrad (*The Hand of Fear*)
- Maaga (*Galaxy Four*)
- Linx (*The Time Warrior*)

FAMOUS FIRST WORDS

- Day of the Daleks

- The Happiness Patrol
- The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve
- The Awakening
- The Invasion



IDBI

- Inferno
- Planet of Giants*
- The Evil of the Daleks* and *The Sea Devils*
- The Daleks' Master Plan* and *The Invasion of Time*
- Planet of the Spiders* and *Revenge of the Cybermen*

SCIENCE OF THE MIND

- Aunt Lavinia (*The Time Warrior*)
- Professor Cliff Jones (*The Green Death*)
- John Wallace (*The Happiness Patrol*)
- Chris Parsons (*Shada*)
- Professor Thascales/the Master (*The Time Monster*)

I COULD PLAY ALL DAY IN MY GREEN CATHEDRAL

- Terror of the Autons (it's a daffodil)
- Battlefield (it's an apple tree)
- Planet of Giants* (it's night-scented stock)
- Robot (it's a dandelion)
- The Time Monster (it's a daisy)

MY VOYAGE DISSECTS THE COURSE OF TIME

- Sarah-Jane Smith arrived in Moreton Harwood in *K9 and Company*
- The Beast of Fang Rock
- On the calendar in the fake pub in *The Android Invasion*
- On board the *Hyperion III*
- [a] Sir George Pritchard (*Ghost Light*); [b] a guest at the Fox Inn (*Terror of the Zygons*); [c] the SS *Bernice* (*Carnival of Monsters*)



LOCATION, LOCATION, LOCATION

- The Enemy of the World* and *Terror of the Zygons*
- The Daemons* and *Planet of the Spiders*
- The War Machines* and *The Mind of Evil*
- Spearhead from Space* and *Robot*
- The Mind Robber* and *Castrovalva*

ANAGRAMS

- The Curse of Fenric
- Resurrection of the Daleks
- The Reign of Terror
- Attack of the Cybermen
- The Talons of Weng-Chiang

AND FINALLY...

- $S_{14} \times \text{Sentinel } 6 - K_1 + K_{4067} + (\text{Type } 40 \times C_{19}) + C_{982} + \text{Sirius } 4 = 9$. Add the 'K' from the Bi-Al Foundation and you have Kg!
- Each pair of characters is differentiated only by one letter. Put the letters together in order: T (Mara/Marat) + A (Tegan/Tegana) + R (Ange/Range) + D (Loman/Lomand) + I (Zarb/Zarbi) + S (Ara/Sara) = TARDIS!
- Stories novelised by the original credited scriptwriter(s).
- [a] *The Omen* (David Warner and Patrick Troughton); [b] *Nicholas and Alexandra* (Tom Baker and Michael Jayston); [c] *Blackadder II* (Tom Baker and Rowan Atkinson); [d] *Sapphire and Steel* (David Collings and Joanna Lumley); [e] *Worzel Gummidge* (Geoffrey Bayldon and Jon Pertwee); [f] *A Very Peculiar Practice* (Peter Davison and Hugh Grant); [g] *Forthcoming epic The Magic Roundabout Movie* (Tom Baker, Joanna Lumley and Jim Broadbent)
- [a] [pause] That was, they were all killed by the Marshmen. [b] [pause] That was, 23 November 1963. [c] [pause] That was, the 18-month hiatus. [d] [pause] That was, *Warriors' Gate*. [e] [pause] That was, Kate O'Mara.

THE FACT OF FICTION



The end is where *The Visitation* begins – writer Eric Saward having set out to imagine a reason why the Plague might have been extinguished at around the time of the Great Fire of London. As we'll see, the story incorporates a wealth of well-researched historical detail almost invisibly, all in the service of filling the 99-odd minutes it takes to reach its punchline. But whereas the pay-off is delivered with admirable economy – in the final shot of the final minute of the final episode – it'd be pleasingly absurd to claim that the shot of the blistering Pudding Lane sign is not unlike the shot of the word on the sledge in the closing moments of *Citizen Kane*. But you'll struggle to find an example of any other *Doctor Who* narrative with such an exact full stop – its majority has no such precision.

Below, we'll compare *The Visitation* to *The Time Warrior* (1973/4). We hope that'll be moderately illuminating, but we won't account for a major structural dissimilarity between the two: the allegiance of the main supporting character. In the latter, feudal lord Irongron is in cahoots with the visiting alien; in the former, actor-cum-highwayman Richard Mace is on the side of our heroes. To use Mace in this way is a desperately odd choice on the writer's part, especially when one considers how many 'good guys' he has to play with from the outset – four. So while the Doctor is paired up with Mace, to whom he expositis essential detail, his companions are left with varying degrees of nothing to do: Tegan spends two episodes imprisoned and/or possessed, Nyssa spends forever building a 'sonic booster' and Adric waddles ineffectually between the TARDIS and the manor (proving nothing but his redundancy to the writer – who, as series script editor, will kill him off in the next-but-one story).

Why, then, burden an already overladen team with an added member – an itinerant, like our heroes, with no connection to the (unseen) village, the manor house, or the aliens? If he serves no unique purpose, no useful role, why's he there? Because Mace was a character Saward had created for a series of one-off radio plays set in the late 19th century; he liked him, and in he went, reconfigured as a highwayman. A highwayman who robs no coaches, nor shows any great interest in money; he doesn't even have a neckerchief, much less a horse. As a traditional highwayman, who'd perhaps stolen one of the alien gadgets, he'd have a role – an engaging rogue of dubious mores who'd create conflict. But this is the world of 1980s *Doctor Who*, where the greatest verbal duels are not between the Doctor and the villain, but the Doctor and his companions.

To his credit, producer John Nathan-Turner later confessed that the inclusion of Mace was his “main worry”: “It was written as an old actor-manager-laddie, with wit that leaped from the pages of the script, and I was concerned that my efforts to suppress the humour so prevalent towards the end of Tom [Baker]’s era were going to be thwarted by such an over-the-top character.” Funny? What's funny is the fact that *The Visitation* was recorded over May and June 1981 – and throughout that period, Adam and the Ants were at Number One with *Stand and Deliver*, a declaration of dashing intent delivered by a “dandy highwayman” with a white stripe across his nose. Meanwhile, the *Doctor Who* team was creaking around Berkshire with a doddering brigand played by that bloke off *On the Buses*: the way he looks, he'll qualify for next year's old age pension.

The Visitation may be flawed and oddly incoherent, but it's worth studying for the fact that it's here where a number of stylistic devices and contrivances typical of 1980s *Doctor Who* first make their mark: as mentioned, the row in the TARDIS in the opening scenes; an ostentatious role for a guest star; a showy use of the series' iconography (here, the destruction of the sonic screwdriver); a monster dissolving into gunk at its end; and a story built around a single, gimmicky idea. It spends its cash on looking flash and grabbing your attention. A shame there's not much more to it. Da-diddlely ya ya

MARK WYMAN AND ALAN BARNES



“RESTORATION TEAM” The Visitation

KEY

TITLE
TECHNICAL
SOURCES
SHOOTING
EDITING
CONNECTIONS
SCRIPT
MONSTERS
SPECIAL EFFECTS
CAST & CREW
TARGET BOOKS
OOOPS!
SPECULATION

PART ONE

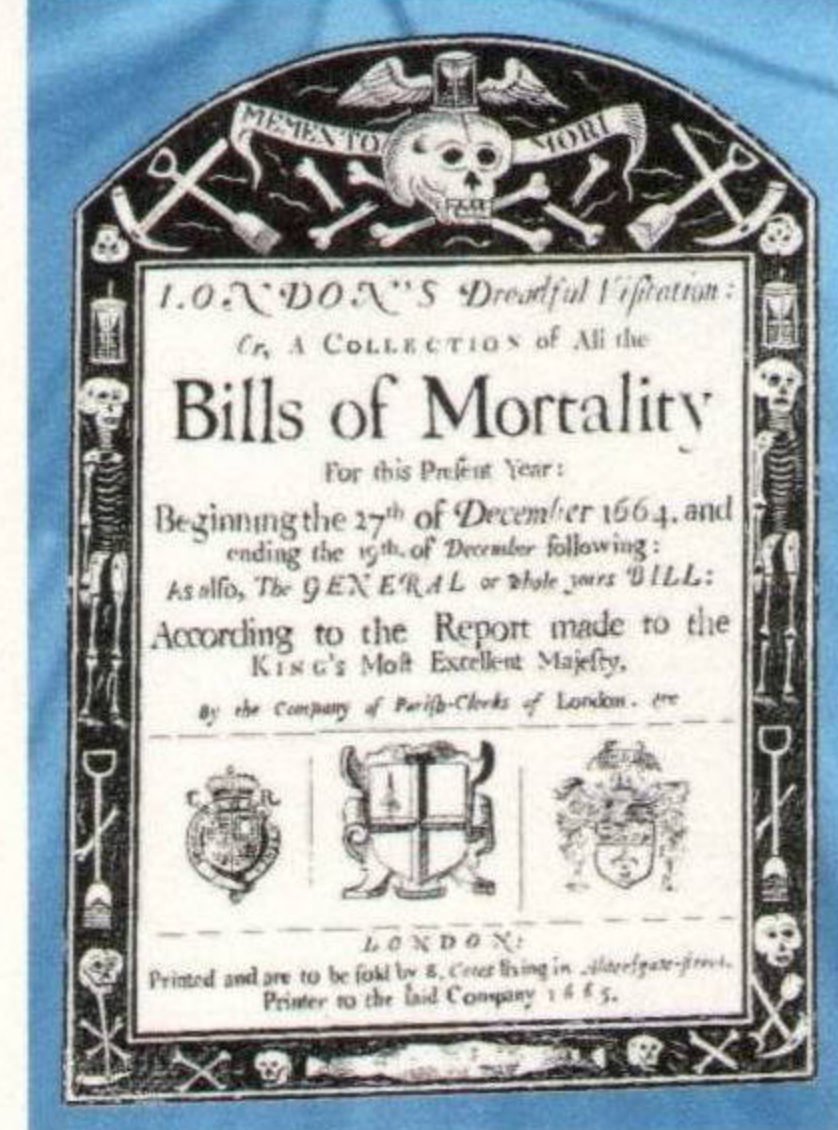
‘Visitation’ might have several meanings. It could describe an excursion by any traveller to, say, the Britain of King Charles II. A darker meaning might be found in the idea of divine judgement: “What will ye do in the day of visitation, and in the desolation which shall come from far?” demands Isaiah 10:3, according to the King James Version of the Bible, published in 1611. But the story's period and purpose clarify the meaning it invokes – a disaster or catastrophe. Specifically, ‘visitation’ was used to refer to an epidemic of pestilence. With the Great Plague devastating London in 1665, Charles II authorised ‘A Form of Common Prayer ... for the Averting of God's heavy Visitation upon many places of this Realm’. Later, Robinson Crusoe author Daniel Defoe's novel *A Journal of the Plague Year* (set in 1665, but published in 1722), was billed as ‘observations or memorials ... of the most remarkable occurrences which happened in London during the last Great Visitation’.

England would never again experience plague on such a magnitude. The surprise elements of Eric Saward's first *Doctor Who* story, linking an alien presence to the historical traumas of the 1660s, would have been poorly camouflaged by the titles under which he was commissioned: first *Invasion of the Plague Men*, then *The Plague Rats*.

A manor house in seventeenth century England – where Elizabeth (Valerie Fyfer), the wealthy Squire's adolescent daughter, sees the sky light up with “a hundred shooting stars”. Excited, she wakes her father (John Savident), who growls that such things are not good omens. Meanwhile, something stirs in an alien craft that has landed nearby.

From its genesis, Saward's story connected two famous seventeenth century events: the Great Plague and the Great Fire of London, although the latter's role in the story was more central in early versions. Saward's inspiration was his girlfriend Paula Wolsey's researches into the Great Fire and its aftermath.

At the time of its production, *The Visitation* was the first story to be set wholly within Earth's past since *Horror of Fang Rock* (1977). The clearest antecedent for its content would, however, be *The Time Warrior* (1973-4), which also opens with an alien spacecraft being mistaken for a falling star as it crashes in rural, pre-industrial England adjacent to the most significant property in the area. Although more than one alien is eventually seen in *The Visitation*, both the Terileptil Leader here and *The Time Warrior*'s Sontaran, Linx, are predominantly seen working alone, using humans under their mental control to carry out their post-crash strategy. Each alien also has an ‘armoured’ android of sorts to assist him, and in each story the Doctor faces summary execution by an historical weapon at Part Two's cliffhanger. It is plausible that *The Time Warrior* was recalled by Saward, consciously or otherwise, in plotting out his story, since he



later remembered that at the time he hadn't watched *Doctor Who* for some years: “My memory of it was really quite old, the Pertwee Doctor and the early Tom Bakers.”

The opening of Saward's subsequent novelisation, *Doctor Who and the Visitation* (WH Allen, 1982), makes the summertime setting clear, describing nocturnal fauna and choosing a wandering fox as an observer. Elizabeth sights the fox and records this in her daybook for 5 August 1666. Trying to catch a second glimpse, she sees the lights in the sky instead. The fox then approaches the silhouetted craft, fleeing as it opens. The Squire, unnamed in the dialogue, is called ‘Sir John’ in print.

Struggling to breathe, an intruder reaches the house and fells the Squire's terrified servant Ralph (John Baker) with a ray. This alerts the Squire and his son Charles (Anthony Calf), who shoot the intruder down. Elizabeth shouts as a second intruder – an Android (Peter van Dissel), wearing an elaborately designed metallic suit – breaks in. The



Director Peter Moffat marshalls his troops at the Squire's House location.

Squire and his children stand their ground, opening fire ... but come daylight, the house lies deserted.

Nothing is seen of the Terileptil in this episode: thanks to the POV shot, we merely hear the alien wheezing in the inhospitable atmosphere, and crying in pain. The Android, subsequently fashioned as Death, is revealed straight away, however. Like many such creations, including the Terileptils, it emerged via collaboration between Costume and Visual Effects. The Android's front and back chest-pieces were cast in fibreglass at the Visual Effects workshop before being sprayed with metallic paints and inlaid with costume jewellery. Costume designer Odile Dicks-Mireaux devoted about a week of preparation time to the Android's look, and two-thirds of her cash budget to the Terileptils and their Android. She designed the Android using 1930s references to reflect the aliens' scripted yearning for “grace and beauty” – elegant in an Art Deco style, rather than purely functional.

It's rare to establish a group of individuals just to lose them all immediately, rather than eliminate them individually as a story unfolds. As with the mute Terileptils at the finale, the manor house family entailed considerable expense (in designing and hiring) for very little screen-time: they vanish four minutes in.

“Would it be too obvious to say we were under attack?” splutters the Squire. A man of his age and position would surely have been involved in Britain's recent Civil War: the manor house may well have been attacked then, too. Conflict between Royalist and Parliamentary factions had erupted into battles in 1642. Charles II was only restored as the British monarch in 1660, six years before *The Visitation*'s events, following 18 years' upheaval during the Civil War and interregnum. Sir John would instantly recollect the traumas of the longer period: he was probably a Royalist – note that his son (probably born after 1642) shares the kings' names. A posset, incidentally, was a spiced drink of hot sweetened milk curdled with wine or ale.

Saward's book has Charles witnessing the killing of Ralph from the stairs, not just reacting to the scream. It's then made clear that Sir John and his children are reduced to “three, charred smoking bodies” by the Android: a stark contrast to the enigmatic fade favoured by director Peter Moffat.

In the TARDIS, the Doctor (Peter Davison) is debriefing Adric (Matthew Waterhouse) and Nyssa (Sarah Sutton) about recent events on Deva Loka.

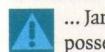
Nyssa is flicking through a English women's lifestyle magazine of the early 1980s (*Women's Journal*, apparently) while standing at the console – reading up to blend in with Tegan's contemporaries at Heathrow, perhaps? Nyssa has only been seen to visit the period once, in the scenes bridging Logopolis (1981) and Castrovalva (1982) – when, clearly, she would have not have had the time to buy her mag. Possibly she got

hold of it in an unseen landing between the events of *Castrovalva* and *Four to Doomsday* (the only possible gap between transmitted stories since she joined the TARDIS crew)? Or perhaps the Doctor keeps a stack of ladies' literature, for in-flight entertainment? Or maybe she subscribes?

Meanwhile, Tegan (Janet Fielding) is preparing to leave, the Doctor having again promised to return the air hostess to Heathrow, 1981. The TARDIS has landed in the right place – but 300 years early. Tegan berates the Doctor and storms out.



The Doctor's attempts to return Tegan to Heathrow reiterate the opening of *Four to Doomsday*, the last but-one story transmitted. The discussions about the various companions' activities (or non-activity, in Nyssa's case) on *Deva Loka* are not so much continuity as a continuation from the previous story, *Kinda*. But that's only within the broadcast order: in production terms, there would be no studio recordings for *Kinda* until 29 July 1981, almost eight weeks after *The Visitation's* last studio day, 5 June. In fact, the console room discussions were re-recorded to make them more cogent to *Kinda* at the conclusion of the story's studio recordings; producer John Nathan-Turner was unsatisfied by the version recorded on 21 May, and arranged a remount for rewrites. Nonetheless...



... Janet Fielding pronounces the name of the Mara, the entity that possesses Tegan in *Kinda*, as 'Marra', not 'Mah-rah'.

Having exchanged apologies, Tegan mentions a foul smell in the woodland, which the Doctor identifies as sulphur mixed with potassium nitrate. Investigating further, the four travellers are attacked by a group of locals in makeshift masks. The TARDIS crew fend them off but Adric injures himself during the escape. A highwayman then fires pistols, warning the villagers off. He leads them to the nearby manor's barn, introducing himself as erstwhile actor Richard Mace (Michael Robbins).



No-one on screen has yet identified the period with any precision, merely that they are about three centuries off-course. Mentioning two of gunpowder's constituents seems designed to reference seventeenth Century's England best-remembered event: the Gunpowder Plot of 1605, an attempt to blow up Westminster's Parliament by a group of disaffected Catholics. The reverberations meant that Catholics would also be blamed 61 years later for deliberately starting the Great Fire of London. Assuming the TARDIS has landed where Heathrow Airport will eventually be constructed, the travellers are about 15 miles due west of Westminster and London. In the 1660s there would only have been scattered villages this far from the capital, but the land



Nyssa knew all the best shortcuts whenever the Doctor made them do cross-country.

'The land would not have been as thickly forested – Heathrow stands, as its name implies, on former heathland'

would not have been as thickly forested as the location shown (the familiar woods of Black Park, used by director Peter Moffatt in the previous year's *State of Decay*). Heathrow is, as its name implies, on former heathland – open flat terrain, typically covered by heather or shrubs. Hounslow Heath, which it now largely occupies, began to be cleared of thick woodland in the thirteenth century, and during the Civil War was used as a mustering and training ground for Cromwell's forces. Moreover, 120 years before *The Visitation*, Henry VIII had granted 14 local parishes the right to farm on the land – about 25 square miles in all.

However, the presence of such a highwayman as Mace is not fanciful. These robbers of popular legend were often gentlemanly and well-educated (as Mace is, broadly speaking). Pistols were being used commonly in robberies by the late sixteenth century. The main roads from London to Bath and Exeter passed through Hounslow Heath – such a notorious highwaymen's haunt that by around 1700 it was considered to be England's most dangerous place. Some legends link quintessential highwayman Dick Turpin to Hounslow, but there was no such Dick carrying on in that neck of the woods – or heath. Curiously, the fourth and last season of ITV's *Dick Turpin*, starring Richard O'Sullivan as the early eighteenth century robber, was airing in February 1982, while *The Visitation* was broadcast.

Saward created the character of Richard Mace for a Radio 4 Afternoon Theatre play, *The Assassin* (1974). Two further ripping yarns concerning Imperial rivalry thwarted by Mace followed: *Pegasus* (1975) and *The Nemesis Machine* (1976). However, this Richard Mace was a celebrated late Victorian actor, working as an amateur detective circa 1890 (the kind of man *The Talons of Weng-Chiang's* Henry Gordon Jago would have revered, perhaps?). The radio Mace, who shared the highwayman-actor's fondness for drink, was played by Geoffrey Matthews.

Another reference dropped from the novelisation was to Adric losing his homing device for the TARDIS – acquired in his debut adventure, *Full Circle* (1981) – during the fight with the villagers. The boy's quick recovery in the subsequent scene also refers back to his Alzarian roots.

Mace reveals that the closure of the theatres prompted his rural exile, but that since the recent comet he now finds the plague to be "virulent in these parts" too. The Doctor realises that the hostile, plague-fearing villagers' sulphuric fires are attempts to purify their domain. Examining an alien artefact recovered by Mace the night before, and which he has since worn as a pendant, the Doctor suggests the comet was really a spacecraft breaking up. Nyssa recognises that the pendant is made from polygrite. Searching for evidence of the crash survivors, she finds some alien powerpacks.

Mace's linkage of the comet with the plague, amplifying the Squire's unease about the "strange lights", would not have been unusual for the period. There were significant comets visible across Europe in both



Flee! 'Tis the Grim Reaper hisself! Or possibly a robot in a rubber mask.



"Get thy bleedin' bus out of here, sirrah!" Michael Robbins as Mace.



December 1664 and April 1665, the latter certainly being viewed by a curious King Charles II and his court. There would have been widespread public interpretation of such disruptions to the heavens being signals of imminent divine wrath – especially after the affliction that struck the country during summer 1665.

It's never explained what 'polygrite' is, despite the inference that it's found in several parts of the universe, Traken included. PolyBrite International of Illinois, however, will be happy to fulfil your needs for safety, novelty or display lighting, thanks to their patented polymer light transmitting technology.

The Doctor leads his companions and a reluctant Mace to the manor house, outside which they are nearly run down by the cart of the oblivious Miller (James Charlton) as he departs. The house seems deserted. The Doctor and Nyssa enter it via an unlocked window.

The sequences around the manor were filmed on Friday 8 May at the privately owned Tithe Barn, near the River Thames in Hurley, Berkshire (ironically enough, filming was disrupted by noise from the real Heathrow's air traffic overhead). The sequence where the Doctor leads Mace up the manor path is one of those photographed for Alan Road's book *The Making of a Television Series* (André Deutsch, 1982: see *Broadcast & Other Media*).

Some of the best lines given to the Doctor and his companions are excised from the book. For example, the Doctor's urbane assurance when Mace is concerned at how he will approach the gentry: "I've met kings, emperors, megalomaniacs in my time ..."

Concerned about the havoc the aliens may create, the Doctor and Nyssa find evidence of a high-energy weapon blast. While the Doctor investigates the illogical bricking-up of a stairway, Nyssa lets the others inside. But the Doctor is nowhere to be seen – and the android that killed the Squire's household is bolting them in ...

In print, the Doctor is aware of the date before entering the house – 1 September. When would he have established this? He also briefly dons the half-frame glasses that he occasionally wore, notably in *Frontios* (1984). Neither moment occurs in the televised version. Saward elected to structure the book so that none of his episode cliffhangers mark the end of chapters, shying away from recreating the tension of such episodic markers. There's no description of the android bolting the doors in the book, even though the sequence directly echoes the household's fate in the opening scenes.

PART TWO

The Doctor emerges through the illusory wall – it's an energy barrier, he explains, much to Mace's wonder. His sonic screwdriver opened it.



One of the behind-the-scenes pictures taken for Alan Road's *The Making of a Television Series* book.

LEXICON



A few of the less common words and phrases found in *The Visitation* scripts ...

soliton *n.* gas, volatile when mixed freely with oxygen.

lateral balance cones *n pl.* part of TARDIS flight mechanism with temperamental solenoids.

polygrite *n.* non-primitive material found in many parts of the universe.

tinclavic *n.* substance mined on Raaga.

vintaric crystals *n pl.* quite a common form of lighting.

One of the strongest images from the 1982 season is the Cyberman trapped halfway through the bulkhead in *Earthshock*. As Saward scripted both stories, could he have recalled this illusion of the halfway-visible Doctor seen here?

In the wine cellar, the party of five finds a soliton gas unit creating a stifling atmosphere, plus many caged rats. The silent appearance of a skull-faced Death figure makes Mace recoil. The Death figure's energy bolts fell both Tegan and Adric. The Doctor, knowing it to be an android, persuades the figure to cease firing, since soliton mixed with oxygen is highly inflammable. Failing to revive Adric and Tegan, the Doctor runs after Nyssa and Mace.

The personification of Death in sentient form is an historical concept common to societies worldwide. Its mediaeval European image – the Grim or Great Reaper, robed in black like the Android and skeletal beneath – was probably popularised by fifteenth century pallbearers wearing monkish black garb. Appropriately Death, the Harvester of Souls, has been terrifying villagers at harvest-time. Bizarrely, a robot with an anthropomorphic mask now wears another anthropomorphic mask! Wielding a scythe would complete the look: there'll be one along shortly.

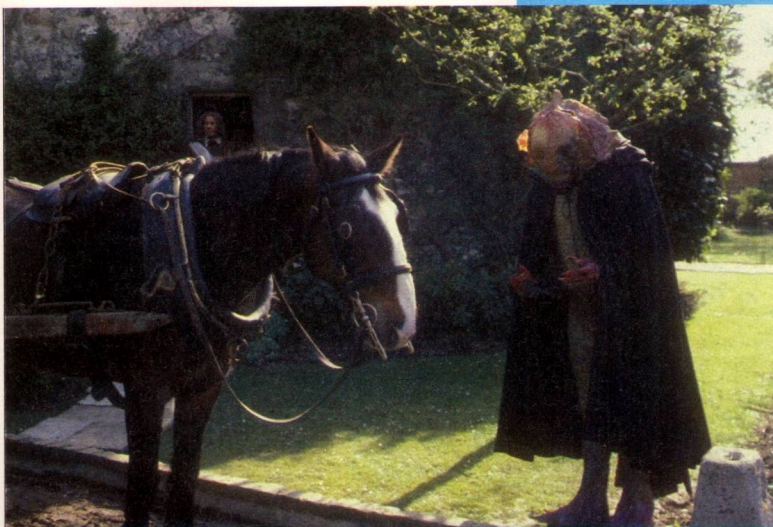
The Doctor's hastily-made point about soliton and oxygen being so volatile together is a subtle indicator of how the story will be resolved ...

Mace refuses to accept the Doctor's explanation that 'Death' was but a 'droid. He would "rather be shut up in a plague-house" than stay, but the Doctor insists that he needs Mace's help.

When plague was diagnosed in a London house, all residents would be locked inside for 40 days' quarantine – long enough, it was assumed, for the infected to die or recover. The house was marked with a cross, provisions were supplied, and watchmen were maintained outside. So much for theory: given the scale of pestilence in summer 1665, maintaining such control proved impossible. As the outbreak became severe, London's theatres were closed by order of the Lord Chamberlain on 5 June 1665 (316 years to the day before recording concluded on *The Visitation*). This would corroborate Mace's claims of rural exile. However, since the recognised theatres had also been closed throughout the 18 years of Civil War and interregnum, almost all falling into disrepair by 1660, Mace must have spent most of his adult life as an underground thespian at best. Perhaps he was more highwayman than actor after all?

There were few apparent cuts to the shooting script in post-production. Once assembled, each episode generally fitted its target of 25 minutes. The only notable section of dialogue sacrificed came here, as Mace stonewalls the Doctor's pleas to help his companions: "Death has them now ... returning to the cellar would be nothing more than a futile gesture." Saward restored this dialogue to his book, re-staging the confrontation on the gravel path outside.

Exasperated, the Doctor shows that, with a powerpack, the ornament Mace wears forms a prison control bracelet. Both this and the Android must be unearthly, but the Doctor can't secure Mace's assistance. Making tackling the Android his priority, the Doctor decides to try modifying the sonic booster in the TARDIS. Meanwhile, the Android's master, the Terileptil Leader – a scarred, scaly alien (Michael Melia) – interrogates Adric and Tegan. Monitoring the newcomers' apparel and



Pity the other Terileptil, who fell out of the spaceship as it whizzed over Alabama and was forced to make his living as a horse whisperer. They got someone prettier to play him in the film, mind you.

WHERE ELSE HAVE I SEEN ...?

The guest cast's appearances in cult television and film: a highly select guide



MICHAEL MELIA (1945-)

Terileptil Leader

TV appearances include *The Sweeney*: Messenger Of The Gods (1978) as Rudd; *Blake's 7*: Aftermath (1980) as Trooper; *Campion*: Dancers in Mourning (1990) as Sock Petrie; *EastEnders* (1990-91) as Eddie Royle

MICHAEL ROBBINS (1930-1992)

Richard Mace

Film appearances include *On the Buses* (1971) as Arthur Rudge, also *Mutiny On the Buses* (1972) and *Holiday On the Buses* (1973); *The Pink Panther Strikes Again* (1976) as Jarvis. **TV Appearances include** *The Avengers*: *Dragonsfield* (1961) as Landlord, *Mr Teddy Bear* (1962) as

Henry and *Take Me To Your Leader* (1969) as Cavell; *Adam Adamant Lives!*: *Death Has a Thousand Faces* (1966) as Jeffreys; *On the Buses* (1969-72) as Arthur; *Return of the Saint*: *Collision Course* (1979) as Beeky; *Rumpole of the Bailey*: *Rumpole's Last Case* (1987) as Cyril Timson.

JOHN SAVIDENT (1938-)

Squire

TV appearances include *The Avengers*: *My Wildest Dream* (1969) as Winthrop; *Doomwatch*: *Burial at Sea* (1970) and *The Web of Fear* (1971) as the Minister; *Blake's 7*: *Trial* (1979) as Samor and *Orbit* (1981) as Egrorian; *Yes, Minister* (1980) as 'Jumbo' Stewart; and *Coronation Street* (1994-present) as Fred Elliott.

the Doctor's sonic device, he has deduced they are as foreign as he. Adric reveals details of the TARDIS' existence. He and Tegan are locked up as the android activates three villagers under Terileptil control, including the Poacher (Neil West).

The Terileptil's facial movements marked the first use of animatronics in *Doctor Who*. John Nathan-Turner's desire for a monster design that could be expressive resulted in Peter Wragg's experience of 'Supermarionation' puppets (working on *Captain Scarlet*, for example) being deployed. Wragg supervised the installation of both radio-controlled servomechanisms and voice-activated solenoids into Michael Melia's mask. The expense of this resulted in the other two Terileptils becoming non-speaking parts. For the aliens' overall look, Dicks-Mireaux opted to base them on tropical fish as much as reptiles. Thus each Terileptil seen has a different, iridescent colour scheme.

As televised, the Terileptil's second scene makes it clearly visible to the shackled-down companions (and the audience). Seward's book, in contrast, saves any detailed description of the reptilian until the Doctor and Mace meet it in Part Three, writing as if the companions have no clear sight of it. Tegan's interrogation contains more superior dialogue lost from the book: "He talks a lot about Guildford," she claims of the Doctor's origins.

The Doctor warns Mace that any villagers sporting bracelets like his pendant will be under alien mind control. Mace is first to spot the escape pod close to the manor. Inside, the craft has been stripped of hardware. From the insignia, the Doctor identifies it as a Terileptil craft. Knowing their expertise with protective androids, he wonders how many were aboard. Mace begins to accept the Doctor and Nyssa's fantastical claims.

There's a sly exchange invoking the series' central scientific mythology here. Surveying the escape pod, Mace asks: "How are its dimensions greater within?" There's a pause: have the Terileptils mastered dimensional transcendence? But the Doctor's deadpan reply is: "Because it buried itself upon impact." (Yet again, it's glossed over in the book.)

Outside, the three controlled villagers confront the Doctor and Mace – who retreat inside the pod, the poacher's arrow narrowly missing them. The Doctor

uses the arrowhead to trigger the escape hatch, through which they and Nyssa escape. The poacher haltingly reports this to the Terileptil via telepathic link.

Seward abandoned the idea of a master-slave telepathic link in the novelisation: the poacher merely uses a standard-issue "tiny, concealed microphone" in his bracelet to communicate with the Terileptil.

The Doctor sends Nyssa to the TARDIS to work on the sonic booster while he and Mace seek the Miller's help to access the manor – but the Miller, his control bracelet clearly visible, ignores them and leaves with his strange cargo of rats. Meanwhile, Tegan and Adric have escaped their cell, triggering an alarm; Tegan surrenders to the android as Adric flees. At the barn, the Doctor and Mace are overpowered by a group of angry villagers, whose leader (Richard Hampton) exhorts the mob to execute the 'plague-carriers'. A scythe is raised over their heads ...

The spread of plague made communities understandably hostile to strangers. With several major plague outbreaks falling in this century, we could plausibly be watching an adventure set in 1636, when London buried over 10,000 plague victims in eight months, and the theatres were again closed. As London's death toll rose exponentially in summer 1665 – it peaked in mid-September, with just over 7,000 city deaths attributed to plague in one week. Some of those escaping the capital spread the contagion to many other towns along the major roads. Even the small town of Brentford, halfway between central London and Heathrow nowadays, recorded 432 plague deaths during 1665. Villages were usually less at risk, but the plague persisted in some areas for over a year – and so in 1666, the plague was most virulent in areas outside the capital.

Since Peter Davison's Doctor faced beheading at the end of Part Three of *Four to Doomsday* – his only story recorded prior to this – it's no wonder he cries "Not again!" as the scythe hovers over his neck. But it was Antony Root, who script-edited *Four to Doomsday* and some versions of *The Visitation*, who added the line after spotting the link. Execution endings seem traditional within the pseudo-historical, occurring within *The Masque of Mandragora* (1976) as well as *The Time Warrior*.

PART THREE

The village Headman (Eric Dodson) halts the execution. Overpowered by the Doctor and Mace, he collapses. With his powerpack removed, he groggily describes a fearful voice in his head, with the Doctor's image. The villagers conclude that the plague-carriers are also warlocks. Alerted to the powerpack removal, the Terileptil sends the android over, disguised as Death. The villagers, assembling a bonfire to burn the strangers, disperse in terror.

The persecution and execution of perceived sorcerers (mostly women) had been common across Western Europe for about 200 years, with a notorious frenzy of hangings under Matthew Hopkins, England's Witchfinder General, during the Civil War. Witch panics had markedly declined by the 1600s, but were not unknown: two witches were condemned to death in Bury St. Edmunds in 1662.

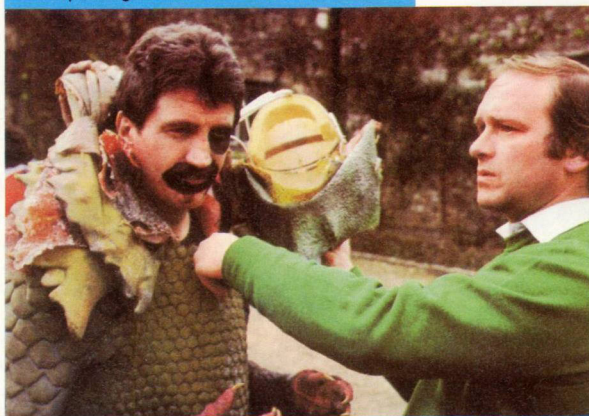
England's last execution for witchcraft occurred in Exeter in 1684.

Death intruding in person (but disguised) upon a community who are trying to avoid a plague of unprecedented hideousness forms the basis of Edgar Allan Poe's 1842 short story *Masque of the Red Death*, which was adapted into a Roger Corman film in 1964.

The Terileptil has fitted Tegan with a bracelet and given her some blue ampoules to pack, warning that death will be swift should they break. He contacts two other Terileptils, promising to join them soon at their London base, after



Nyssa was deeply impressed by Richard Mace's wig side-flap raising mechanism. And in 1666, too!



"Eddie Royle! So it was you all along!" Michael Melia grabs a breather.

gaining control of the time travellers' craft.

 This is our first sight of other living Terileptils, and the first mention of any capital headquarters. The Leader's later attempt to confuse the Doctor by referring to "a nearby city" is rather pointless. Apart from Westminster (technically, a separate city) no city other than London could be reached in the Miller's cart within a day's ride, let alone one summer's evening.

Nyssa has dragged the sonic booster to the girls' room in the TARDIS to work on it.

 It's amusing to note that, between scenes, Nyssa has removed all the tacky glass kick-knacks from the shelving unit in the girls' bedroom, lest these precious things should be shattered by the sonic booster!

Adric returns to the ship, agitated about Tegan's recapture. Ignoring Nyssa's pleas to wait, he sets off on the Doctor trail, but is immediately captured by more masked villagers – as witnessed by a frustrated Nyssa.

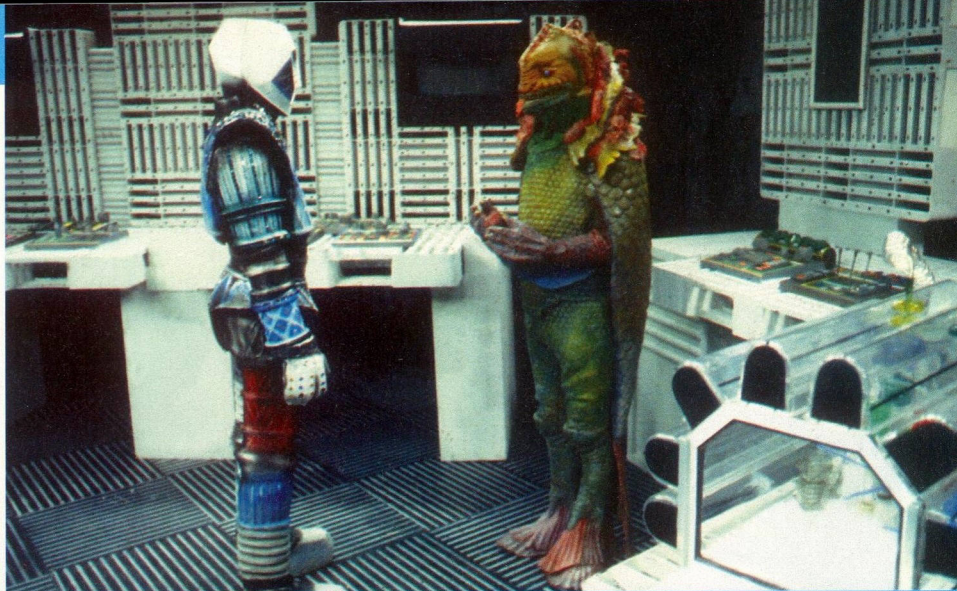
  Saward's book insists that when Nyssa moves the equipment: "It wasn't that the sonic booster was heavy. In fact it was very light." Does this mean that Sarah Sutton's 'this-really-weighs-a-ton' acting was required just to fill some screen time? Also, why is Nyssa made to look so lax on screen, letting Adric in without using the scanner, when he just knocks on the TARDIS door anonymously?

The Doctor and Mace return to the manor as the Android's prisoners. Seeing Tegan's slave bracelet, the Doctor tries to break her mind-link. Taken to meet the Terileptil leader, The Doctor offers a return passage to the alien's home planet, but this is derided. The leader's scars indicate that he has been a prisoner in the tinclavic mines on Raaga – a life sentence.

 The Doctor is familiar with many aspects of Terileptil culture: although their laws are "not his strong point," he knows of the Raaga penal colony. How or when was this knowledge acquired?

Eric Pringle's *The Awakening* (1984) would have a Terileptil reference added by Saward. Script-editing another story involving witchcraft and seventeenth century rural England, Saward arranged for its villain to be found by the Doctor handling tinclavic. Knowing this is mined exclusively by Terileptils on Raaga for Hakol's psychic-energy harnessers, it gives him vital information on the Malus.

An asteroid storm brought the Terileptils' fugitive ship down to Earth. There are just three survivors now: one of them, plus the household, died fighting "a noble death", the Leader says. The reptilian spurns the idea of being relocated somewhere barren. Far from sharing territory with humans, he plans to wipe them out. They cannot conquer all humanity, but he has planned accordingly. The Doctor is handcuffed and imprisoned, while a controlled Mace is forced to work with Tegan, loading the Miller's cart.



With the help of his android, the Terileptil brings a taste of 1980s chic to a seventeenth century cellar.



The Terileptil seems to develop an appreciation of British culture and vocabulary very quickly!



Even the Doctor's repertoire of Kay's Catalogue poses couldn't relieve Tegan's boredom.

 It doesn't take Mace long to deduce that the alien is "talking of mass murder". But he would not have understood the term that the aghast Doctor uses – genocide. This is a twentieth century term, assumed to mean deliberate extermination of a race or species. It was coined by Raphael Lemkin as an attempt to convey the unique magnitude of the Nazis' wartime attempts to eradicate Jews and their culture, appearing in the *Oxford English Dictionary* only in 1955.

The Doctor struggles to extricate survival tools from his pockets, including the sonic screwdriver. The Terileptil returns: ordering the Doctor to drop the sonic device, it uses its weapon to incinerate it.

 It's a sad and abrupt end for the sonic screwdriver, the trusty tubular tool used on and off since *Purty from the Deep* (1968). "I feel as if you've just destroyed an old friend," protests the Doctor, in distress. In keeping with the outcome of this story, the device is incinerated. John Nathan-Turner felt it made the Doctor's escape from a tight corner too predictable, hence its destruction. The device would be miraculously resurrected for *Doctor Who* (1996).

The Terileptil regrets that, though the Doctor might have been a useful ally, the threat he poses means he must die. He demonstrates his plan to rid Earth of primitives, irradiating a cage full of rats.

 The Doctor's on-screen acknowledgement "Ah, the poor old black rat and his flea" shows that he endorses the generally accepted theory of how bubonic plague is spread. The plague bacillus (*Yersinia pestis*) is transmitted by the bite of the flea that feeds parasitically on the black rat. If the host rat is infected, the bacillus multiplies within the flea after it feeds, and can be regurgitated elsewhere – onto a human, say. The flea's role – and the rat's – was not understood until research established this in the 1890s. Among those afflicted by plague in seventeenth century London, belief that it was spread by being airborne was predominant. Although there were concerns about rat populations, there was a greater belief that other animals were at fault: hence the extermination of London's cats and dogs during the 1665 epidemic, which only assisted the rats' freedom of movement.

The rats now carry a genetically re-engineered form of the plague, which can destroy all life. Terileptils have collected thousands of such rats nearby for "a final visitation": the TARDIS will allow them to acquire androids from other worlds. The Terileptil leaves, warning the Doctor that his controlled friends will kill him if he tries to tamper or escape. Straight away, the Doctor tries to over-ride Tegan's mind control, and her hand reaches out to uncage the lethal rats...

 Genetic engineering was a hot topic in 1981, much as genetic modification (or GM) is today. Although genetic research predated the twentieth century, the first genetic engineering company, Genetech, was only formed in 1977. Indeed 1981 saw the creation of the first transgenic animal, with human DNA being inserted into a mouse.

 "A final visitation" is a boastful usage of the story title by the Terileptil on screen, but only muttered by the Doctor in print. If the Doctor is familiar with Terileptean ways, it's as nothing compared to the alien's swift appreciation of British culture and vocabulary.

PART FOUR

Discharging another powerpack, the Doctor stuns Mace and overpowers Tegan, dismantling their bracelets. Provided with a safety pin, a recovered Mace picks the Doctor's cuffs, and the Time Lord shoots out

BROADCAST & OTHER MEDIA

First Run Monday 15 February - Tuesday 23 February 1982

For a story featuring a new Doctor and monsters, *The Visitation* received little newspaper coverage. The access at the Hurley location on 8 May seems only to have been for local press, the *Maidenhead Advertiser* running a substantial feature that same month.

However, it was given unique coverage in book format, its production being the focus of experienced journalist Alan Road's *Doctor Who: The Making of a Television Series*. Commissioned as a spin-off from the *Facts About...* range of illustrated young adults' reference books, which Road had created for publisher G Wizzard in 1976, *Doctor Who* was a replacement subject for an aborted *Facts About... A Horror Film* once publisher André Deutsch had acquired the range. With full co-operation from John Nathan-Turner, *The Visitation* was selected as the only all-round story fitting the criteria (loca-

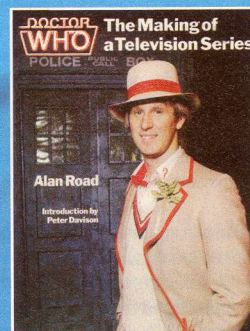
tions, monsters, a full TARDIS crew) given that Deutsch were to publish in hardback in July 1982.

Road duly attended a day each of location shooting, rehearsals in North Acton and studio recording (21 May, featuring the destruction of the Android amongst several TARDIS scenes). He also visited the production office, the post-production gallery to observe Dave Jervis, and the home of *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society Co-Ordinator David Saunders. Working this around his day-job at *The Observer*, Road was usually accompanied by photographer Richard Farley, who also attended the single day's film shooting to recreate the Great Fire at Ealing Studios on 1 May.

The result was a very informative 64-page book, containing over 40 exclusive pictures encompassing the production. Road's interviewees included Nathan-Turner, Saward, Peter Davison, Peter Moffatt, the companions, film cameraman Peter Chapman, production manager Ros Parker, production

associate Angela Smith, all the designers and the production office staff. The detail is not exhaustive yet gave a clear idea of the spectrum of roles involved in such a production.

Audience ratings were very encouraging for *The Visitation*: it increased slightly with each episode, climbing from 9.3 million for Part One (at #54 on the Broadcast chart) to 10.2 million for Part Four (a high-point of #40). In chart terms, its consistency made it the best overall performer of any Fifth Doctor story, while members of the DWAS rated only one story, *Earthshock*, more highly within Season Nineteen.



the door lock with Mace's pistol.

The safety pin with which Mace is unfamiliar was patented in 1849 by New Yorker Walter Hunt. This mechanic and inventor used an eight-inch brass wire coiled in the middle and shielded at one end – the previously untapped 'safety' aspect. He then sold the patent for \$400. The fool.

The Terileptil has left for London in the Miller's wagon, ordering his android to pilot the TARDIS there too. In the TARDIS, Nyssa tests the enhanced sonic booster. In the woods, Adric's apprehenders flee from the Death figure: the robed Android makes for the TARDIS, and Adric follows. When Nyssa sees Adric approach, she opens the doors, unaware the Android is waiting outside. She darts back in, activating the sonic booster – which vibrates the Android to pieces. A relieved Nyssa is uneasy when Adric suggests using the TARDIS to reach the Doctor and Tegan.

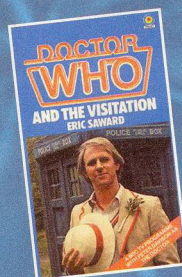
In Saward's book, the villagers are warning Adric inauspiciously about "things that come out at night" along the woodland path – just before the figure of Death looms into view.

On both occasions when Nyssa uses the sonic booster the picture starts juddering moments before she is heard to switch it on. Video Effects designer Dave Jervis achieved the sonic blast effect with a Quantel 5000 machine's image manipulation function. This device, introduced in 1978, was the first commercially successful digital effects machine.

Finding no details on the aliens' whereabouts, the Doctor disconnects the lab's control panel, liberating all the villagers. Upstairs, Mace commandeers a larger firearm, but the window through which the Doctor entered has been sealed. They are pleased when the TARDIS materialises



Adric wondered if he should just have lent Nyssa his Walkman ...



– although Adric cannot at first complete the landing. Adric greets them and inside the TARDIS, the Doctor admires Nyssa's victory.

Whether the Doctor had previously acquired a grasp of Terileptil culture first-hand or not, his seems centuries out of date: he is genuinely surprised by their technological achievements.

Nyssa's admonition to Adric when he can't land the ship – "I said empathise, not be silly" – is one of her most wispish remarks ever. It's another one absent from the book, as is the Doctor's facetious "Why not smile, and let me live?" request to the Terileptil Leader in Part Three.

While Mace marvels at the Police Box's interior, the Doctor searches for the Terileptil – who has disembarked in London half-timbered streets. In the darkness, the Leader enters a bakery, shielding itself from the heat. Using an historical street-map for guidance, the TARDIS detects electrical emissions coming from north-east of London Bridge, within the old City. The Doctor materialises the TARDIS next to the Miller's wagon.

Until the Great Fire, London still resembled a mediaeval city. Timber houses lined narrow streets – made narrower by upper floors having overhanging jetties, as seen here. This made an uncontrolled fire much more likely to spread, as Charles II warned the Lord Mayor in April 1665. The city's suburbs had grown rapidly beyond its ancient walls, but open fields still lay around where *Doctor Who* fans' favoured drinking-ground, the Fitzroy Tavern, now stands. As the street-map shows, there was still just one London Bridge by which to cross the river. London's total population around 1650 was around 400,000 and rising – a threefold rise or more since 1550. Only Paris and Constantinople were known to be larger cities. But by 19 December 1665, London's weekly Bills of Mortality had recorded over 97,000 deaths that year: 68,596 were attributed to plague, and in the dislocation, the true figures were probably higher. The impact was especially horrendous in the poor, crowded suburbs, whose death rates exceeded the old City parishes. Saward's book states that "the city stank of death" around the bakery, because of all its plague victims, with chalk crosses still scrawled on houses. This is artistic licence: while London was still wary of plague in 1666, the epidemic had not returned – there were only 36 plague deaths recorded in an average week that summer. Londoners were as likely to worry about that years' long drought in south-east England – the woods at 'Heathrow' would not have looked so green that September – or the effects of the ongoing war with the Dutch. (A major raid on merchant vessels in two Dutch harbours had taken place on 5 August, led by acting Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Holmes – no relation. This event is known as 'Holmes' Bonfire'.)

Reunited, the three Terileptils are gratefully inhaling Soliton when they hear movement. When the Doctor enters bearing a torch lit from the baker's oven, the Leader



Adric and the Doctor ponder why one of the best sets ever built for *Doctor Who* is only on screen for two minutes!

is deceptively cordial, until his hidden fellows attack. Mace shoots one point-blank with his musket, and in the melee Tegan beats another with the firearm. The Leader has been wounded, while the Doctor's torch is dropped, igniting the straw flooring. Caught by flames, the Terileptil's cone-like energy weapon overheats. The Doctor urges everyone to flee, but none of the aliens can move. As the Doctor and his friends exit, the bakery begins to collapse. The Soliton machine exploding seals the fate of the Terileptils – and their rats. The Doctor has the wagon's deadly cargo thrown into the flames, destroying the virus. Hurrying to leave, the Doctor gives the Terileptil control panel to Mace, who prefers to fight the fire.

 The book's last dialogue omission is Nyssa's enquiry about the Doctor's parting gift: "Won't it confuse the archaeologists?" Indeed it might, but not as much as the deserted escape pod and those other alien artefacts abandoned back at the Manor will!

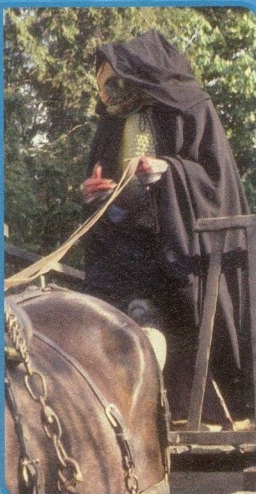
Aboard the TARDIS, Tegan thinks they should have remained to help, but the Doctor wryly concludes this particular fire should run its course. After dematerialisation, we see flames licking a street sign outside the baker's: Pudding Lane. The Great Fire of London has begun.

 From this ending, it is suddenly possible to date the story and location precisely – no doubt why such details were avoided until the closing seconds. It is around 1.00am on 2 September 1666, in the premises of Thomas Farriner – a 'King's baker', since he had a contract to supply biscuits to the Royal Navy. He is asleep upstairs, having apparently left the fire under his oven alight. His maid will be one of the fire's few recorded casualties. Yet the drought, the strong wind and the Lord Mayor's reluctance to destroy buildings in its path will all contribute to the fire burning out of control. Not until late evening on 5 September was it checked, by which time about four-fifths of the City within the walls had been destroyed (plus a few of the suburbs). In total, 13,200 houses and 87 parish churches were lost: perhaps 100,000 people were made homeless. From the story's opening sequence as novelised, Elizabeth's date-book indicates almost four weeks elapses between the Terileptils' landing and the TARDIS' arrival.

 The script suggests that the burning of the infected area (and those rats) in the Great Fire explains why plague never became epidemic again. But that's a



Tegan and the Doctor enter an infamous bakery in Pudding Lane. Maybe they fancied a Chelsea bun?



'What about the escape pod and all those other alien artifacts left lying around in 1666?'

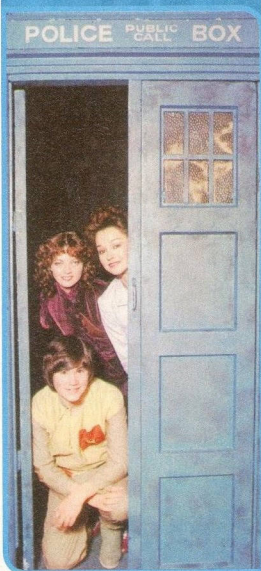
troublesome notion, since the infection was strongest in many suburbs outside the devastated zone, and virulent in many towns far from London, let alone outside Britain. There are many theories about this, apart from the role of territorial reptilian aliens. Brown rats overcoming black rats and being less susceptible to the plague flea is cogent, but that probably did not occur in Europe for another 60 years. Many wooden buildings being replaced by less rodent-friendly brick ones after the fire is another, but again that did not occur nation-wide overnight. Because contemporaries did not make the link between black rats, fleas and epidemic, reassessing the evidence with our medical knowledge cannot be conclusive. But the chain of infection from bacillus to humans was broken somehow ...

 The Great Fire effectively created at least two London locations for future alien invasions. The Cybermen's memorable descent before St Paul's Cathedral's Christopher Wren-designed dome in *The Invasion* (1968) would have lacked something if the Fire had not gutted the mediaeval church. The Underground invaded by Yeti in *The Web of Fear* (also 1968) would also have lacked Monument station, in which Jamie was trapped at the Episode 2 cliffhanger. The Monument marking the incineration still stands, 202 feet tall: exactly its distance from the bakery site in Pudding Lane. The Fourth Doctor had previously talked about avoiding blame for starting a fire in *Pyramids of Mars* (1975) as the Old Priory burns. "We had enough of that in 1666," he laughs. Perhaps he knew what awaited him in his personal future ...?

DWM



"Oy! Young lady! Keep that bloody noise down, will you?!"



The Terileptil Leader (Michael Melia) gets a touch-up.

the dwm interview

Gary Downie



Keep smiling through

Always look on the bright side of life? In the second part of our chat with former production manager Gary Downie, we discover how to cope with fussy fans and awkward actors – and the pain of losing a loved one ...

Words and portraits: Benjamin Cook

Now, tell me – is there such a thing as bad press? “Not really. Anything that Mary Whitehouse [broadcasting standards campaigner]

complained about got better viewing figures.” Former *Doctor Who* production manager Gary Downie holds the National Viewers’ and Listeners’ Association in high regard, clearly. “Actually, I phoned up Mary Whitehouse and complained about an episode of *Doctor Who*. Yeah, I pretended to be a concerned parent! I said it was disgraceful and disgusting and that my child was terribly disturbed and all that. And then we sat and waited ...” And it hit the headlines? “Nah.

Nothing happened. We thought she’d make it into a big scandal. Mary Whitehouse was the best person for any programme. If she objected, you could bet your bottom dollar that everybody would tune in. Obviously I wasn’t very good at it!” Was *Doctor Who* really ever unsuitable for younger viewers? “That’s what it was all about. It’s part and parcel of being a child. All this politically correct rubbish ...” He rolls his eyes. “I remember being scared as a child and I don’t think it disturbed me!”

Nonetheless, when he put *Doctor Who* on hiatus for 18 months, BBC1 Controller Michael Grade reasoned that the show had become too violent and the production team complacent. He sort of had a point, didn’t he? “No, he did not! He did it to further his career. He did it to make an impression. He eyed all the major BBC shows – the shows that were pulling in the punters. And *Doctor Who* was one of them. It wasn’t that he hated the show. The BBC was only going to rest it for a year while they reassessed everything, but a certain fan – I’m not naming names – riled up other fans and so the BBC decided that the fans had become a problem. The tail shouldn’t wag the dog. ‘Let’s get rid of the source of the problem.’ And that was the television show.” Those fans were the instigators of the show coming off? “Yes. If they hated the show so much, why did they watch it? They did a lot of damage on the PR front. Instead of just sitting quietly, they were all hysterical about it. The hiatus killed the show.” The hiatus? Or the fans? “The fans put the final nails in the coffin.

“What I hate about the fans,” Gary continues, “is that they all think they can do it better. They’re working at Tesco service tills or as warehousemen, but they all know how to produce the show better than John [Nathan-Turner] did. It annoys me, that. I read stupid things about him – never in the press, but in fan magazines. Yeah, it’s fanzine-orientated – ignoramuses who think they know everything. Ignorant people make those jibes and cracks. They think they’re the font of all knowledge and



Gary Downie (in pink shirt) with Sophie Aldred and Sylvester McCoy on Horsenden Hill during filming for *Survival*.

expertise. John could ride above it, but I get more riled. John used to hold me back. ‘Don’t bother,’ he’d say. ‘It’s just a television show.’ I think it all stemmed from a certain egocentric fan who thought that he should have been the boss of the show, who thought that he was the producer ...” Are we talking about Ian Levine here? “Hmm. Well, yes.”

Ian Levine was an unofficial fan consultant on the show. “I’ve read that there was a row between him and John, like World War III or something,” Gary shakes his head. “I’m sorry – those are lies. I was in on everything. If there were rows, John told me about them. I always heard. I never opened my mouth, but I heard. There was never a blazing row. A few slight disagreements, arguments ... nothing that doesn’t happen in a normal working relationship. Ian chose not to talk to John, because he didn’t like Bonnie Langford being cast as the companion! ‘How dare you do that in my show, in my programme!’” Didn’t Ian smash up his television set in protest at the hiatus? “That was all a gimmick. The newspaper said,

“It was the fans who put the final nail in the coffin of *Doctor Who*”

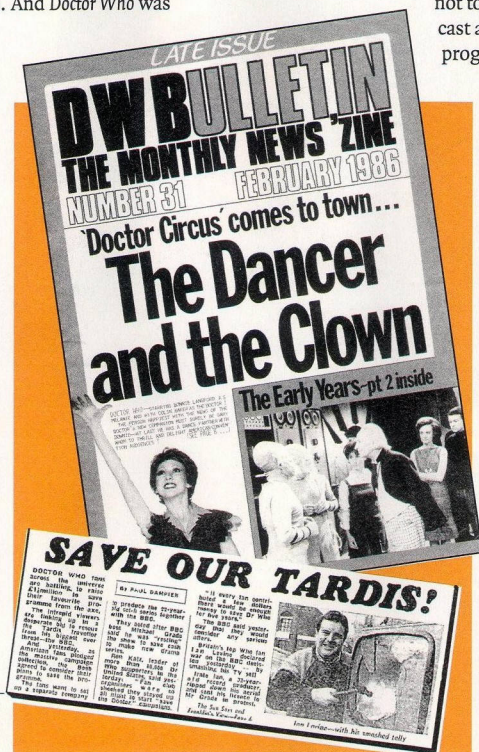
‘Let’s do a publicity stunt. Come on, smash that set.’”

How did Ian get involved with the show in the first place? “He was a fan in Graham Williams’ era,” explains Gary. “I remember standing in Graham’s office when I was working [as assistant floor manager] on *Underworld*, and the phone rang and his secretary answered and it was Ian Levine, and Graham went, ‘Oh God, I’m not in! I’m not in!’ He warned John not to get too involved with Ian.” Did John regret getting involved with Ian? “I think he did, because John thought Ian was a friend, so he gave him access to a lot of stuff that fans wouldn’t have. But he got funny. He invented this position: creative consultant. No he wasn’t. He was handy in terms of the history of past episodes, but he was never ever anything in an official capacity.”

We talked about Gary’s early work on *Doctor Who* last issue. The first serial that he worked on after the hiatus

was *Delta and the Bannermen*. That was the one with Ken Dodd in it ... “He was great, wasn’t he? We never stopped laughing. He was hysterical. His was the longest death scene I’ve ever seen! John said to me, ‘Look, we’ll have to edit that.’ In fact, our original choice was Bob Monkhouse. He accepted the part but couldn’t do it. He had to go into hospital. He had nodules on his throat and they were scared that it might be cancer. He couldn’t do it because he might not have been able to talk. The part was then offered to Christopher Biggins. John phoned him up personally and left a message. The agent phoned back and said, ‘I’m sorry, but Christopher’s a star now. It’s not big enough for him.’ So John asked Ken Dodd instead. Bonnie Langford was best friends with Christopher Biggins and took great delight in telling him who had been cast, because Ken Dodd was a much bigger star than him. It shows you how full of themselves actors can be.”

A criticism levelled at John Nathan-Turner was that he often cast stars more for the publicity that they’d generate for the programme than for their suitability for the role itself. “It’s the fans’ interpretation of them not being suitable,” Gary ⇒



John Nathan-Turner (centre) oversees filming at Arundel for *Silver Nemesis*.

asserts. "Yes, he cast them because they were big names. Yes, he cast them because they brought publicity for the show. But he wouldn't cast them if they weren't suitable." Many fans particularly criticised Bonnie Langford's casting as Mel. "It's only the 'super fans' who've criticised her. They're worse than the grey-suited blobs. No, Bonnie was fine. There was nothing wrong with her. She brought a certain quality to the show. She gave the show a lift."

Gary next worked with Bonnie on *Dragonfire*. "That was all studio, wasn't it? Actually, I'd like to put another rumour to rest. I get annoyed when people talk about wobbly sets. Never. It wasn't allowed. I had to do a safety course. I was responsible for people's safety. If anything was wobbling, it was fixed immediately, because it contravened the safety rules." Well, thanks for sorting out that one. Now, what about *Dragonfire*? "That's when we introduced Sophie [Aldred]. There'd been rumblings that Bonnie wouldn't be signing up for another year. Sophie was cast with the potential of taking over as the companion. The part in *Dragonfire* was her audition. John said, 'Yep, we're going to keep her on,' which ... not wrong-footed Bonnie, but ... all actors think they're indispensable, but John was always one step ahead."

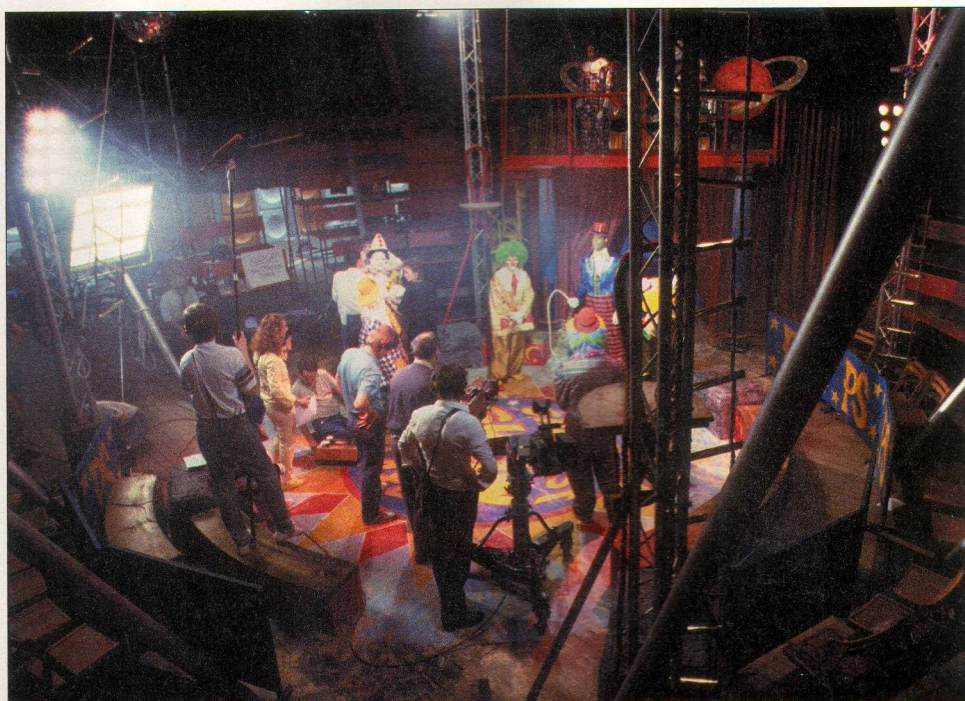
Gary was assigned to work on *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy* at the last minute. "The original production manager went ill," he explains, "so I jumped in not knowing the script. I was thrown in at the deep end." The serial was partly filmed in the BBC car park, because of an asbestos scare at BBC Television Centre. "It was the best thing!" He looks almost pleased. "There were clowns juggling and people walking to the canteen and back in their costumes ... Wow, glamour! Actually, I threw a wobbly on this one. It was the designer – he wasn't being very helpful. I stormed off the set, which I'd never done before. I just walked out! But then I thought, 'I'm being unprofessional. I'm letting down the director. I'm letting down John,' so I walked back in and apologised to everybody. I should have bitten my tongue."

Next up for Gary was *Silver Nemesis* ... "It was while filming this one that [DWB editor] Gary Levy and his mob descended, trying to take secret photos. They were spoiling it for the fans. They were trying to blow the storyline. They wanted to show off – 'Look what we know! We know everything! Now we've spoilt it for you, why watch it?' That's what we had against them. We allowed a little girl to take some photographs, because she was a special case, but her parents then sold the film to Gary Levy. That was a shame." And then *The Happiness Patrol* ... "Georgina Hale played Daisy K," he remembers. "She stopped John in the BBC canteen. 'I want to talk to you. I wanted the part of Helen A,' she said. 'It's my part! I should have been Helen A.' John was very good. 'Actually,' he said, 'we needed someone more mature!' He was good at dressing it up. 'You're a little bit young,' he told her. She wasn't really, though!"

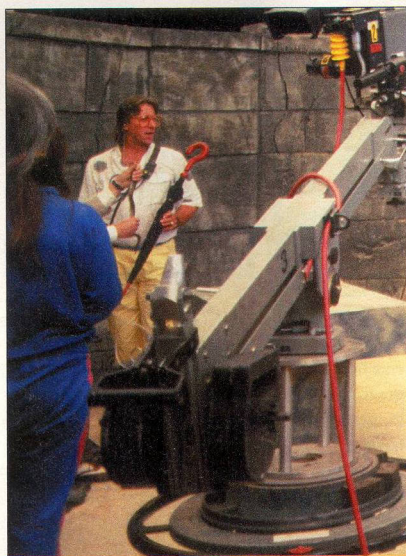
And what does Gary remember of working on *Survival*? "That was a fun job, because I had my dancing cronies around me. *Survival* was difficult, because we had people in skins in the middle of a quarry – white chalk, heat, everything. I needed people who I knew could do it without complaining or whingeing or moaning, so I employed my dancing mates as extras. No matter how difficult or uncomfortable it became, they joked and sent it up and kept everyone else going.

Actually, I sent one girl home, because she was whingeing and moaning. That's no good to me, so I sacked her. You need positive people. Sorry, I don't need drama queens." Talking of which ...

"Ah, Anthony Ainley." Gary Downie spits on the floor. "He's a big, dictatorial bully. I didn't enjoy working with him. All those lies he's spread about John ..." He spits again. "I can't understand his hatred for John, because John gave him his job in the first place. On *Survival*, I had a runner who was on work experience. Anyway, it was very hot and we ran out of ice and water, so we found a supplier and I had my runner go and collect some. But Ainley made a fuss. 'The water is on its way,' I told him, but he stopped production to have a tirade – coming up face-to-face with me. I thought, 'You lay one hand on me and it'll be the most expensive punch of your life. I'll take you to the cleaners.' I stood up to him. I don't intimidate easy. He wouldn't accept that we'd run out of water and some more was on its way. He tried to be intimidating. He was very nasty to me personally. But I can handle Anthony Ainley, believe you me." Did it get to John, then? "How could it not? He put so much into the show and felt that nobody really appreciated it.



Tents atmosphere: recording under canvas in the Elstree Studios' car park for *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*.



Gary Downie on the Ragnarok arena set.

“I was in at the deep end on **Greatest Show**, but it was just the best thing!”

"John worked overtime to build up *Doctor Who* to what it is today. He is the reason that [independent producers] Bill Baggs, Keith Barnfather and [Big Finish producer] Jason Haigh-Ellery are able to do what they do. And good luck to them I say – they're clever boys. There wouldn't be all these offshoots if John hadn't put so much energy into the show. He could have let it just tail off. It wouldn't be here today if it weren't for John. He was the one who instigated BBC Enterprises in investing money in merchandising and going to America. It took three years to convince Enterprises that there were merchandising opportunities in America. It was all John, you know – the hype, the show."

I tentatively suggest that John Nathan-Turner made a conscious decision to put himself in the public eye. "No, no, it just happened," Gary replies. And yet, it didn't just happen to other *Doctor Who* producers ... "But they're all grey blobs," he retorts, wrinkling up his nose. "Look at the past producers of *Doctor Who*. I say it with respect, obviously – they were very good at their jobs, but none of them are actually ... how can I put it? None of them had exciting auras about them. They're nice people. They're lovely people. But there's nothing exciting or flamboyant about them. Fleet Street took a liking to John. He always gave them the time they needed. And once he'd given them that, they'd go off happy and we could get on with our jobs. John was the very first high-profile producer. Nobody had heard or seen or recognised producers before. He was made an honorary citizen of New Orleans, endorsed by President Reagan ..."



"Don't tell Biggins about this, right?" Ken Dodd tips Don Henderson the wink in *Delta and the Bannermen*.

I wonder whether the attention should have been more on the programme and its stars than the producer. "But it wasn't John's choice," insists Gary. "It was because John respected the press. He didn't treat them like dirt. He kept them happy." He offers an example: "Nicola Bryant was on one of Noel Edmond's TV shows and they asked the question, 'Is it true that you and the producer row?' And she said no, obviously. And Noel said, 'Well, he's here. Shall we bring him out?' And John didn't want to. He said, 'I have no make-up on! My hair isn't done!' It was other people that pushed him into the limelight." Oh c'mon – don't tell me John didn't like being in the public eye! "Of course he enjoyed it afterwards. He had a high profile because *Doctor Who* was such a high-profile show, but he didn't ask for it to be that way. People regarded John as the *Doctor Who* show," Gary admits. "*Doctor Who* was John – sort of."

Of course, this put John in the firing line. The fans could target him personally, rather than just the show in general. Wouldn't John have suffered less at the hands of the fans had he made more of an effort to stay out of the limelight? "I admit, he was too hands-on," he concedes. "No matter what show John produced, he was very hands-on, taking an interest in everything, caring about everything. And he enjoyed the attention. He was an ex-actor, for God's sake. And he was a Leo! Yeah, he enjoyed it. I used to bite my tongue a lot of the time. I'm not as subtle as John was. I'm not as discreet as John was. I can be very discreet as a psychotherapist – that's my career. But Gary Downie as a person? The chorus boy comes out. I have two sides to me."

Does Gary remember the first time he met John? "Yes. Like it was yesterday. Yeah, it never goes away." He hesitates. "Is this all going in the magazine?" He doesn't have to tell me anything he doesn't want to. "No, it's okay." He takes a deep breath. "I went to a party. I lived in Muswell View and I went to a party round the corner. It was a friend's party. I was pissed out of my brains, because I'd just been dumped. In my alcoholic haze, I saw this very good-looking guy with beautiful black curls ... That's when we first met. The rest is history. Actually, it was at the flat where Dennis Nilsen murdered all those boys and cut their bodies into pieces." You're joking! "No, that's absolutely true. Scary, isn't it? He moved in after my friend moved out." Eek!

What was John like to work with? "He was a perfectionist," says Gary. "Yes, he

could be irritating. He could be bloody annoying at times. But he wanted everything to be right. He made people feel good about their work." Did Gary and John's personal relationship ever overlap with their professional one? "One never invaded the other. I remember once I reached a point where, no matter what I did, I couldn't keep everyone happy. I went to John and said, 'What do I do? What do I do?' His eyes narrowed. He said, 'You're the production manager – manage!' I didn't give a damn about keeping everybody happy after that. That's where John was subtle about his ruthlessness. I think people thought they could take advantage of John, and then they'd find that they couldn't. He was very tough underneath. He was fair but ruthless at times, and never gave me any leeway. He made my life hell twice as much as anybody else's."

He continues: "John believed that the director and his team should have time alone to bitch about the producer. He didn't always go for drinks with them, because he knew that the production staff needed that time to bitch. And so did I – I mean, I was with the team. The director and everybody knew that. I had just as big a bitch as everybody else. If they knew that, they could relax and it was cool. [Director] Matthew Robinson said in an interview that [writer/director] Peter Grimwade had a birthday lunch at a restaurant and that John was furious that he wasn't invited. Lies, total lies. John wouldn't be annoyed. That wasn't his style. Yes, it was Peter's birthday and he took the team – his team – to lunch, but John didn't expect to get an invite and he certainly wasn't annoyed."

When did Gary learn that *Doctor Who* was coming to an end? "It was on *Ghost Light*, I think. We knew on *Ghost Light*. Well, I did. And John knew. I don't know if anyone else knew at that stage, but John told me. We lived together, for God's

“The show got a lift when Bonnie Langford joined. She had a certain quality...”



Bonnie Langford is announced as Mel at a photocall near Pease Pottage.

sake. You discuss problems and that with your partner. John knew that he had the freedom to discuss problems with me and that it would go no further." How did they feel about the show being axed? "It was sad, but he was relieved that at last he was off. I was sad because I thought that the BBC was being stupid."

Nevertheless, Gary returned to *Doctor Who* to production manage the 1993 *Children in Need* skit *Dimensions in Time* ... "That was the Everest of working out logistical problems," he muses. "After *Dimensions in Time*, I can work on any show. Only two of the cast didn't have other jobs, and I had to schedule them all. Everyone on *EastEnders* wanted to be an extra, which annoyed its producer, Leonard Lewis, who wasn't very popular. The cast liked me. That annoyed Leonard. He made no effort to help us." And lots of *Doctor Who* fans in costume – a recipe for disaster, right? "Well, yes. You give the fans these opportunities," he says, shaking his head, "and they throw them back in your face. They started running it down, making nasty comments ..." About *Dimensions in Time*? "Yeah, they were just being negative about it. I gathered them round and told them, 'I've got you here as a favour. I don't need you.' I said, 'C'mon! I'm giving you the biggest opportunity of your lives and you're being funny about it. You can go home if you want.' Not one of them went."

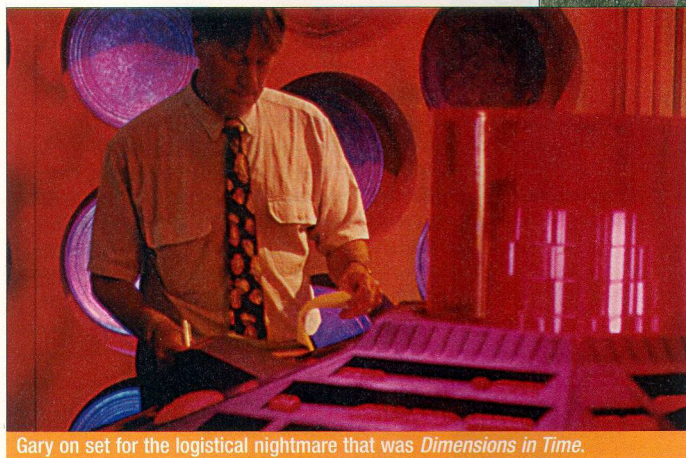
But the BBC behaved even worse, according to Gary. "The BBC had empty ➔

studios," he claims, "and they were going to charge us to use them. Everyone else was giving us free locations, free this, free that, but the BBC was going to charge us for the use of their own facilities! This is their charity! That's why I never contribute to Children in Need. I won't contribute one penny to it. I'm so anti-BBC at the moment. It's gone downhill. It's so sad. I was so proud to work for the corporation, but now it's degenerated into nothing. There are four or five people doing my job. That's what the BBC has come to. My generation was whittled out, because we were all earning too much money. They offered us all lovely incentives to leave – an offer I couldn't refuse. I've never looked back."

Was it stressful, then – being a production manager? "I didn't realise the stress I was under," he confesses. "It creeps up on you. Now that I'm a trained psychotherapist, I look back at my behavioural patterns and realise how much stress I was under back then. I mean, it was awful – waking



Gary with his bestest ever friend, Anthony Ainley, during recording for *Survival*.



Gary on set for the logistical nightmare that was *Dimensions in Time*.

up at six in the morning, spending all day on location in a field, ending the day crawling on my hands picking up other people's cigarette stubs so that the field is left nice and clean. I don't miss it at all. I wasn't appreciated. No matter what I did, I couldn't keep everybody happy. Not that I was worried about being popular. You couldn't be popular doing the job that I was doing. If something went wrong, they'd all point at me. If it all went well, nobody said a word."

Who were the hardest ones to keep happy? "The ones who used to gripe the most were actors," he says. "You have to work around their hairdressing appointments and chiropractic sessions and builders arriving at their house. It was as if work was imposing on their life. I would try to arrange the schedule so that I could call them in and then they could piss off, but what they forgot is that they're employed to be there for the whole day. They could never understand that. If there was a hold-up, a legitimate hold-up, they were paid to be there whether they were acting or not. 'Why are we waiting? What's going on? Why are we hanging around? Blah blah ...' Oh grow up! Read a book! Actors are the biggest pains. No matter what you do for them, they still moan and groan. Whingeing, whingeing pommies! They're psychologically fragile, with enormous egos."

On more than one occasion during the 1980s, Gary Downie produced and choreographed starchy *Doctor Who* pantomimes. No, not like *Delta* and the *Bannermen*! Like *Cinderella* with Peter Davison, Anthony Ainley and Sandra Dickinson ... "Peter Davison was big news at the time," he says, "and Sandra Dickinson was big news, and Anthony Ainley was, well ... Anthony Ainley. It was put on to make money. It made a lot of money. I enjoyed doing it. Sandra was a little bit ... she mistakenly thought that she was the star of the show. And we said, 'No, dear, Peter's the star,' but because of her ego she moved into his number one dressing room. The biggest flop was the pantomime we did in Southampton with Colin Baker, Nicola Bryant, Mary Tamm and Anthony Ainley. We lost £30,000 on that pantomime! Southampton is not my favourite city. They're philistines."



When John Nathan-Turner died in May 2002, the *Doctor Who* world was deeply shaken. What has Gary made of the fans' reaction to John's death? "I was totally overwhelmed. I got letters from Australia, from the Far East, from America and everywhere. I think that proved the power John had ... not power, but popularity, the respect he had. The fans might not have liked all the things he did, but they respected him as a producer. I read all of his obituaries. I was very emotional. I couldn't read them again, though. Not at the moment. It's still too soon. Mind you, people can be very two-faced. I couldn't believe the tributes from Ian Levine and Gary Levy. Actually, Gary Levy left a bunch of flowers on my doorstep." At least he made the effort. "Yes, I suppose so. 'All right,' I thought, 'let's call it quits now.' I wasn't going to throw the flowers away or anything like that. They were beautiful flowers. I mean, certain actresses and actors haven't even acknowledged John's death. I've noted it in my mind. They never came to the funeral or the memorial service, they didn't send a card or flowers. It's decency, I think. It's good manners. They owed John. He'd put them on the road. Not that he thought people owed him."

Does Gary feel ready to talk about the circumstances of John's death? All that's really been said so far is that it was a short illness ... "It was very short," he nods.

"Within four weeks, literally. We went to Spain last year, last

March. I don't know whether he got bitten by a mosquito or got a cut or what ... You see, John was prone to gout. He went to the Battlefield convention at the end of March. That was his very last convention. 'Oh I don't believe it,' he said, 'I'm starting the gout again.' 'Oh God,' I said, 'have you got your tablets?' He had, so he started taking them ... He was in a wheelchair that weekend. His foot went purple, blisters appeared ... You see, he'd got a thing called cellulitis. I'd never heard of it. It's the most virulent blood poison you can get. It just destroyed all his vital organs. Within four weeks he was on the life support machine. And then I had the biggest crisis in my life: I had to give permission for the machine to be switched off. And I had to watch them do it, because that's the law. I had to watch them do it. It took him an hour and a half to ..."

His voice falters. "Thank God, we'd talked about it. We'd always said that whoever went first ... Neither of us wanted to ever be a vegetable. We'd always said that, so in some ways I didn't have to hesitate to give permission. Ian [Fraser] and Fiona [Cumming] and the priest were with us, so he didn't go on his own. But then afterwards I thought, 'Oh God, what have I done?'" It must be hard to come to terms with. "That's it. You don't

want to do it, but he's lying there ... They were giving him 300 times the drug that might resuscitate him and he wasn't responding. I had to let him go. I didn't want to. But it was this bloody cellulitis." He smiles sadly. "I've since heard of other cases of people who've had cellulitis – taken them six months to get better. But John was always sickly. People never realised, but he was always a sickly person."

How did John cope in those last weeks? "We got him home on the Friday. He had to come home," insists Gary. "He had to die at home, rather than in hospital,



Former *Doctor Who* producer – and Gary's long-term partner – John Nathan-Turner.

because he was in there for a month and he said that you lose all track of time. I'm glad he came home. But then, by the Sunday, I had to get in the paramedics and ... well, he ..."

The funeral was incredible, we hear. It's not often you hear a funeral described as 'hysterical' ... "Oh it was! The funeral was hysterical. John was a very showbiz person," smiles Gary. "He was an outgoing person. He loved life and lived it to the full. I'd be the suspicious one, always suspicious of people, whereas he was more generous and trusting. He called me mean-spirited!" He laughs. "I suppose I wanted to protect him, I don't know. He always used to say, 'I want a really big finish.' That was one of the expressions he used. We always used to end our shows with 'It's Not Where You Start, It's Where You Finish'. At his funeral, the vicar said, 'This was a song that John and Gary used in their shows. Most of you know the words, so if you want to sing along ...' Everyone started singing and dancing. That's when I had the curtain closing around the coffin. And Dora Bryan got up and started doing high kicks in front of the coffin ..."

What did the vicar make of all this? "He just shrugged! Everyone left laughing. A woman came up to me and said, 'Ooh Gary, how can I tell people that I've enjoyed a funeral?' You couldn't have paid more respect to John than that. I wanted the same thing for the memorial. I didn't want doom and gloom. That wasn't John's style. But then I had to cope with the aftermath," he sighs, "the nitty-gritty of living life without him. That's difficult."

Has it got any easier? "No, it gets more difficult. You realise what's gone. My anchor. My security. My other half. My soul mate. But I thank whatever – whoever you want to thank – that I met him, that he came into my life and I had 30 years with him. I can't say that every moment was idyllic. That would be a lie. But even if I never meet anybody again, at least I had 30 years with John."

"I've had a lot of support," he continues. "I've discovered this last year who my real friends are. I have no illusions that most of our friends – so called – were there because of John. I expected the phone to stop ringing. It didn't disappoint me. Some people were friendlier with one half of the partnership than the other. I still have to come to terms with my house in Spain, because John and I should have been doing that together ... and now I'm doing it on my own. But I still feel he's around. I still feel he's there. I do miss him terribly. I may sound uncharitable, but I can think of

quite a few people, people involved with *Doctor Who*, that I'd prefer were gone, rather than John."

So, what else is Gary up to at the moment? "I still like being involved in creating," he says, "because that's what John and I did – you know, we put on our pantos and variety shows. In fact, we were going to buy a theatre in the village that I have a house, but that all went to pot when John died. There's no way I could do that on my own. I'll probably get bored in a year's time and you'll see Gary Downie resurfacing, but at the moment I just like lying on my terrace and sunbathing and, you know, taking it easy. Work? What's work? Hah! That's the joy of not having expensive wives or – even more expensive – children to maintain. All my money, our money, John and I, went into property, which was a wise investment. Think how much money you're wasting on alcohol or whatever. By the time you hit 40, you might be married with 60 kids. And where will your life have gone?"

What advice would Gary give the people in charge of bringing *Doctor Who* back to television? Should the show retain that slightly naff quality that it had in the 1980s? "Well, I wouldn't say naff. Americans don't accept naff. That's one thing Americans don't accept," he says. "I think it should come back as nice, family entertainment. I don't regard Paul McGann as the Eighth Doctor, because that one movie broke every rule of *Doctor Who*. It destroyed everything. It was too American and made by a fan. Paul McGann doesn't count. It has to be produced by somebody who isn't a fan so that they're not influenced by fandom." Oh dear. "I heard that what's-his-name from *EastEnders* is taking over as *Doctor Who*. Is it Shane Richie?" Let's hope not. "Well, he's quite quirky. He'd make a good *Doctor Who*. It couldn't be a black *Doctor* I don't think." How about a female *Doctor*? "That was only ever mooted for publicity. We couldn't half wind up the press! [*Coronation Street* diva] Pat Phoenix phoned John up and said, 'Now look, how about me as the *Doctor*? Think of the publicity!' I mean, even in John's office we'd write up

“John’s funeral was just hysterical – he wanted a big, showbiz send-off...”

false story titles – because there were lots of moles about – and we'd wait for them to appear in fan magazines. They always did!

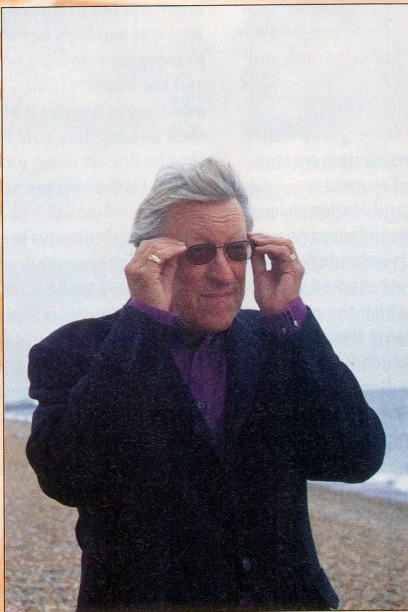
"Actually, I still have the original office board," Gary reveals. "I'm thinking of auctioning it off. I'm getting rid of all John's personal *Doctor Who* stuff. I have all the production office in my cellar in London. I have the original *Doctor Who* scarf in my loft in Brighton. I've loads of stuff, so I've decided to sell it. The time is right. John wouldn't let it go, but I think it's time." Did John care too much about *Doctor Who*, perhaps? "I think it was his baby. A lot of hurtful things were said and he took it very badly. It hurt him a lot. He often put a brave face on it. He was putting everything he had into that show, trying to make it good, trying to make it

professional, trying to give people everything, and then all these nerds – I can only call them nerds, and I don't care if you write that down – fleeced him and ran him down. And they're untalented nerds! They know nothing about television, nothing about anything, but they all think they can do better.

"You should only have an opinion," Gary says, "if you know what you're talking about. If you don't know, keep your mouth shut. That's why John wanted to get off the show. He hated the show in the end. I can actually say that. He loathed the show. He loathed it, because the fans, as far as he was concerned, no matter what he did, they didn't like it. You'd get interviews with actors and writers and everybody running him down. Narcissistic, egocentric people. You know, so why bother? It was hurtful for him. I used to get very, very angry. It took me all my self-control to keep quiet. The way they didn't appreciate him ... There will never be another producer that will put as much into a show and the fans and care about the fans and give his time – his personal time – to the fans."

"Producers treat people like shit. They're here to make money out of the show. The masses are nobodies. John didn't think like that. He was too caring, I think." He shrugs sadly. "And nobody appreciated it. There will never be another producer like John."

DWM



DWM ARCHIVE EXTRA



It's time to play the music!
It's time to light the lights!
It's time to meet the
Daleks on the London
stage tonight! In the first
of a two-part look at
Doctor Who's attempts to
conquer the West End,
Andrew Pixley dodges
curses, IRA bombs, and
2000 35mm slides ...

their 'New Master' to turn on their main power source. With their scanner activated, they watch the courtyard as Vanderlyn opens one of the black boxes to examine it. Ladiver suggests firing a flare to attract help from the Thals, who will have a radio to contact Earth. Redway is brought in before the black Dalek leader.

Slime and Ladiver are chained again in the courtyard as Vanderlyn reveals that the boxes house a high-speed taped message giving the Daleks their orders; the professor explains that Bob was murdered with injected poison. Two Thals – a man and his sister – arrive and shut the archways into the city; the girl, Ijayna, recognises Ladiver as Commander Jonathon Ladiver. It seems that Redway is in league with the Daleks and aimed to kidnap

DOCTOR WHO ON STAGE

ACT ONE: THE 1960s – THE 1970s

THE CURSE OF THE DALEKS

ACT ONE

Two prisoners manacled together in the hold of a spaceship try to escape before the vessel reaches Earth; Ladiver is bound for an Atlantic underwater prison, while Harry Slime expects execution for slave trading. The ship is buffeted by meteorites and Captain Redway makes an unscheduled landing on the nearest world: Skaro, planet of the Daleks. Redway goes with one of the passengers, Professor Vanderlyn, to investigate the overgrown Dalek city. Redway observes that the motionless Dalek in the courtyard is not really dead; after the Dalek war, mankind turned off their power. The planet is very hot and the crew disembarks from the ship while repairs are made to the radio picture equipment by its operator Bob Slater. The others on

board are co-pilot 'Rocket' Smith and Miss Marion Clements, the Professor's assistant, who studies planetary disease. Bob informs the group that the communications equipment was sabotaged and chief suspect is Ladiver. Vanderlyn and Marion discuss how the Daleks were defeated 50 years ago while the ship is unloaded; the cargo includes a crate marked with Vanderlyn's name which the professor claims is not his. Inside the crate are small black boxes which Redway suspects have been planted by Ladiver. The team has just decided to cut one of the boxes open when it is noticed that one has gone missing. Suddenly, the lifeless Dalek starts to move and enters the city; on its side is the missing box.

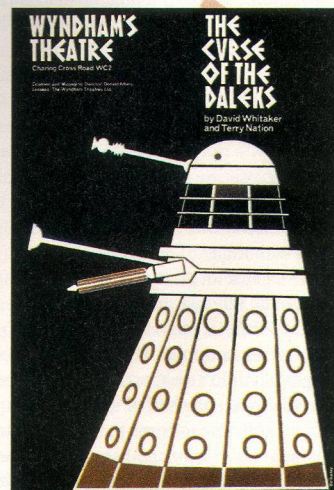
The group realises that the boxes are to reactivate the Daleks and wonders which of them attached the

device to the dormant alien. Redway's team sets out to track the Dalek. Tensions run high between crew and passengers – notably between Rocket and the frosty Marion – and Slime manages to acquire a file to work on their bonds. Slime gets free only to be shot by Rocket using an anaesthetic bullet. Ladiver makes no attempt to escape, and explains to Rocket that he is curious about who brought them to Skaro. The mysterious crate rolls into the area on a trolley, and four Daleks appear at the top of the ramp leading into the city. Redway is surrounded and taken away. After the Daleks have withdrawn, Ladiver points out all the Daleks had black boxes on their backs; checking the crate, they find it empty ... apart from Bob's body.

ACT TWO

In their city, the Daleks connect supplementary power to their equipment and wait for the order from

Dexion, the Thal leader. Ladiver visited Skaro three years ago and suspected that someone was attempting to reactivate the Daleks; when the Earth



The original 1965 poster for *The Curse of the Daleks* at Wyndham's Theatre.

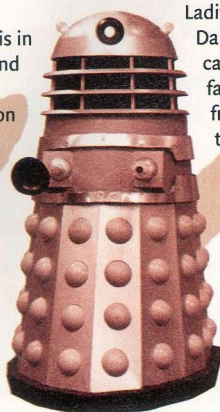
authorities ignored his warnings he built up a new identity as a criminal to continue his investigations. With Ladiver released, Sline is also now free; he grabs a gun and aims to make a deal with the Daleks. Wounded, Redway staggers out into the courtyard. Before dying he explains that the Daleks want to capture Dexion and Ijayna and so learn the location of the Thals' radio.

Night falls. Ladiver – who is in love with Ijayna – leaves to find the Thals and get help. Vanderlyn says that the person behind these events wants to use the Daleks to rule the Universe from Skaro, having attacked Earth. The Daleks burn through the doors and enter the courtyard; Sline is killed and the others are taken prisoner.

The Daleks bring the prisoners into their scanner

room and Marion and Ijayna wonder if Vanderlyn or Rocket is the traitor. Later on, the prisoners are in the Daleks' main control chamber as preparations are made to connect the main power source. The black Dalek says that their 'new master' will speak to them and Bob Slater enters; Bob reveals that he has already destroyed the Thals' radio and told them that

Ladiver is reactivating the Daleks. Slater claims that he can control the Daleks; he faked his own death by freezing his heart temporarily, and sabotaged the spaceship. The Daleks wheel in a trolley with their secret generator which has been storing the sun's power for 50 years; hanging beneath it is Ladiver. Unseen, Ladiver sabotages the cables carrying the power as



"YOU CAN'T REALLY KILL A DALEK"

In a courtyard in the City of the Daleks, Redway and his crew and passengers examine a dormant Dalek ...

REDWAY It's a strange fact but a true one that you can't really kill a Dalek. Well, I ought to qualify that. You can destroy them of course.

VANDERLYN What you mean is, Captain, you can't imprison them, or rehabilitate them.

REDWAY Yes.

MARION Why not?

VANDERLYN Well, my dear. Imagine if locusts became tremendously intelligent on Earth and human beings had to make war on them. We might defeat them but how could we train them? Their intelligence is of a different order. Never in a million years could we make them allies or friendly – or non-combatant. Death has no terror for them. It is not final, nor is it corrective for the race as a whole. As you destroy one Dalek, so another takes its place – and not from any feeling of courage or bravery as we understand those words. Simply because the Daleks only understand success or destruction.

From *The Curse of the Daleks: Act I* by David Whitaker and Terry Nation

Bob prepares to return all the Daleks to life. As the connection is made, the black boxes fall from the Daleks and the black Dalek reveals that they are no longer under Slater's control. As Bob tries to run, the Daleks kill him.

Ladiver gets the others free and allows Ijayna to sabotage the newly restored power supply. The Daleks fall immobile again and – after three long years apart – Ijayna and Ladiver can embrace at last.

IN PRODUCTION

The first Doctor Who stage play arose from the British public's fascination for the Daleks in early 1965. The aliens' return in *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* had been a ratings hit, a cinema film was soon shooting and all manner of merchandise started to fill the shops. The option to exploit the Daleks on the stage was acquired by John Gale productions, a company based at the Strand Theatre, Aldwych in London.

The Daleks were seen as the perfect ingredient for a children's matinee show for Christmas 1965/New Year 1966, which, it transpired, would be concurrent with the transmission of *The Daleks' Master Plan*. Terry Nation, who had created the Daleks, was approached to write the script. However, at this time, Nation was extremely busy working on *The Baron*, and so it was decided that the story should be developed by Nation in conjunction with David Whitaker. Whitaker had been Doctor Who's original story editor and was very familiar with Dalek product, having adapted Nation's original scripts as a novel, collaborated on *The Dalek Book* from Souvenir Press in 1964, written instalments of *The Daleks* comic strip in *TV Century 21* and also provided additional material for the Aaru movie *Dr Who and the Daleks*.

The play, entitled *The Curse of the Daleks*, was announced in the pages of *The Times* on Thursday 30 September 1965. It was scheduled to run from Tuesday 21 December as a matinee at the Strand, while *Maigret and the Lady* was planned to run in the evenings.

'THE PLAY'S DIALOGUE IS STRANGELY REMINISCENT OF BRITISH WAR FILMS'

HAROLD ATKINS THE TIMES

Although *The Curse of the Daleks* was co-credited to Whitaker and Nation, Nation reportedly did very little work on it. The setting was given as 'Monday, 2179 AD' on Skaro, with it being 'Tuesday' for scenes in Act Two; in the dialogue, the character of Vanderlyn states that it is December, and this tied in with a 'popular verse Circa 2130 AD' which appeared at the front of the script: "Remember, remember, the Dalek December, / with Paris in ruins and London an ember; / In time of the future when fears are abating, / Don't try to forget them – the Daleks are waiting; / Quietly planning and scheming – and hating ... / Remember!"

Describing the main characters, the convict Ladiver was introduced as 'a dangerous criminal who has committed crimes on every planet in the solar system. He is a powerful looking man in his late thirties, with a sharp intelligence to match his excellent physique.' Harry Sline was 'smaller but no less dangerous, in his own way ... arrested for slave trading between Mars and Venus, a worse crime than the two murders he is known to have committed.' Of the spaceship crew, Bob Slater 'the radio picture operator' was 'a young, pleasant fellow in his early twenties in a smart grey flying uniform,' Steven Redway 'captain of the "Starfinder" [is] a dark, good-looking man in his early thirties, immaculate in a grey and silver flying suit



Three Daleks fail their TARDIS recognition test round the back of Wyndham's Theatre.

of the period' and 'Rocket' Smith was 'a small, wiry man with a face that wouldn't win any beauty prizes.' Of the passengers, Professor Vanderlyn was 'in his fifties, but a virile, strong looking person' and his assistant Marion Clements was 'dark, attractive, smartly dressed in a white costume. In her early twenties, her manner is distinctly businesslike.'

Of the Thals, the other native race of Skaro seen in the 1963 television serial, Dexion was 'the leader ... He is proud, dignified, white haired.' Ijayna was 'his daughter. She is tall, fair haired, beautiful' – in the final production, Ijayna became Dexion's sister instead. Describing them further, the stage directions noted 'Their clothes are simple and designed to suit Skaroan climate which is constantly hot. Every effort must be made by the designer to help us avoid making the Thals look like Pantomime creations. They are not. The Thals are graceful attractive people, the simpler the clothes, the better. Basically, Ijayna should wear a skirt and not trousers. Her only adornment is the thin silver band around her forehead which encloses the top of her hair. She wears also a sleeved top, the sleeves firmly fixed at the wrists with silver cuffs. The neckline and backline of the top is square cut. The midriff is bare. The neck and backlines are also edged with silver.' In keeping with continuity to the original 1963 TV serial, Ladiver referred to "the dead forest" when talking to Dexion. Much of the background for

humanity's conflict with the Daleks was drawn from the Dalek War as depicted in *The Dalek Book*.

The weaponry used by the crew of the *Starfinder* was described when Bob armed himself with 'a "Spring" gun ... The spring gun's butt curls around Bob's wrist and half way up his arm, thus explaining it's [sic] name.' Of the Daleks, the script specified that they would have claw attachments – as seen in *Dr Who and the Daleks* – rather than the sucker devices seen in the TV series; the Black Dalek was to have a torch device rather than a sucker. The script also noted that the Daleks' Control Chamber set was to be the courtyard redressed, and a scene in the Scanner Chamber had a screen to show the professor and Marion in the courtyard.

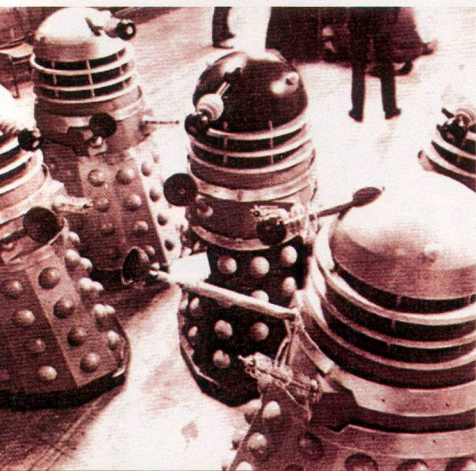
Appointed as director, Gillian Howell set about canvassing children's reactions to the Daleks, and concluded that she should make them more frightening for the stage. Five Daleks were built for the play by Shawcraft, the Uxbridge based props firm who had made the casings for the BBC television series. Four of these were

'THE PIECE LOITERS ALONG AT FIRST, IT NEEDS A DALEK TO SET IT MOVING'

J C TREWIN LONDON ILLUSTRATED NEWS

white while the fifth was black, and all had sucker arms (although claws were specified in the script). By late November, *The Curse of the Daleks* was moved out of the Strand, and allocated to Wyndham's Theatre on Charing Cross Road, while Michael Denison and Dulcie Grey continued their run in *An Ideal Husband* at the Strand. A photocall was held outside the theatre for the Daleks.

Of the five Dalek operators (who were not identified in the programme's cast list), the lead one was Peter Murphy Grumbar who had been a Dalek operator on the first three television series but who had not been employed on *The Daleks' Master Plan*. He trained the remaining Dalek operators, who found their roles very boring and expressed these sentiments in an interview in the final week of the play. One of the operators was Grumbar's wife, Dorothy Grumbar, who suffered from mild claustrophobia inside the casing.



Foolishly the Daleks hadn't pre-booked their interval drinks ...

The pre-recorded Dalek voices were apparently provided by the BBC and featured the actors who provided their metallic tones for television, suggesting that Peter Hawkins and David Graham performed a special recording session. This was then played in during the performance by the stage manager.

The play opened on Tuesday 21 December 1965 for a projected two-week run with matinee performances at 2pm, and 4 pm (Thursday 23, Friday 24, Monday 27, Tuesday 28, Wednesday 29 December,

Tuesday 4, Thursday 6, Tuesday 11 and Thursday 13 January) or 4.30pm (Tuesday 21, Friday 31 December, Friday 7, Friday 14 January). There were no performances on Sundays, Christmas Day or New Year's Day, and the final performance after reasonable box office business was Saturday 15 January 1966. From the New Year, the Wyndham staged *Any Wednesday* starring Dennis Price in the evenings.

In the programme for *The Curse of the Daleks*, Whitaker wrote a piece entitled *The Daleks* about how Nation discovered and translated the Dalek Chronicles. Whitaker recalled how, two years earlier, he got a phone call from Nation asking him to come over, whereupon the former story editor was shown a glass cube, twice the size of a sugar lump, which Nation had found in his garden. Inside small compartments in the cube were slivers of metal which turned out to be microfilms. These contained the history of a planet called Skaro 'set in the next Universe but one' and told of the Daleks ('sworn enemies of all humanity'), the Thals, a dead forest, a lake of mutations and a highly advanced city (as seen in the original 1963 television series). Nation determined that the capsules were 'histories of the future,' possibly sent through time from another planet to warn humanity. Whitaker explained how he and Nation had worked on translating more cubes, and that the one for tonight's play was extrapolated from a cube found in Kensington Gardens. "We both believe there are other glass cubes in existence," concluded Whitaker, urging "When you are out in your garden or in the park, do remember to keep your eyes open, won't you?" The programme also included the Dalekcode, a disc which could be cut out for coding and decoding messages; this item was taken from *The Dalek Pocketbook* and *Space-Travellers Guide* which had been published in October 1965 (which in turn hailed from *The Dalek Book*).



The Daleks didn't take kindly to queue-jumpers. Those tickets to *Oliver!* would be theirs!

The review in *The Times* on Wednesday 22 December – *The Daleks Come To Life* – noted 'the dialogue is strangely reminiscent of British war films, with upper lips being kept resolutely stiff.' Harold Atkins' review, 'The Daleks' split the audience was a typical comment on the show: 'The play suffers from explanatory wordiness ... too much space-jargon and too little action.' Act Two, when the Daleks came into the action, was judged the better and many reviewers cited the lack of Daleks as a problem with one describing the 'Total apathy' of the audience until the Daleks appeared. 'All good clean fun' was the verdict of *The Daily Express* while JC Trewin of *London Illustrated News* commented that 'the piece loiters along at first; it needs a Dalek to set it in motion.'

After the short run for *The Curse of the Daleks* ended, it was some years before any other interest was shown in adapting *Doctor Who* for the stage. After he left the television series, 'Television's Original Dr Who' William Hartnell appeared in a touring pantomime production of *Puss in Boots* which opened at the Odeon Theatre in Cheltenham on Monday 9 January 1967 and subsequently toured Ipswich, Southend and Taunton; Hartnell's role as the magical Buskin the Cobbler was effectively the Doctor in all but name ...

John Gale and Ernest Hecht present

THE CURSE OF THE DALEKS

CAST Colin Miller Sline, a prisoner being transported to Earth, John Line Ladiuer, another prisoner, David Ashford Bob, the engineer on the space ship, Nicholas Hawtrey Redway, captain of the space ship, Edward Gardener Rocket, co-pilot of the space ship, John Moore Vanderlyn, a professor – passenger on the space ship, Hilary Tindall Marion, the professor's assistant, Nicholas Bennett Dexion, leader of the race of Thals, Suzanne Mockler Ijayna, his sister and The Daleks*.

* Uncredited: including Murphy Grumbar and Dorothy Grumbar.

ACT ONE

Scene 1: The Storage hold in the space ship 'Starfinder'.

Scene 2: The Courtyard of the City of the Daleks on Skaro.

Scene 3: The same. A few moments later.

ACT TWO

Scene 1: The Scanner Chamber, beneath the City. Two hours later.

Scene 2: The Courtyard, an hour later.

Scene 3: The Scanner Chamber, half an hour later.

Scene 4: The Main Control Chamber in the Centre of the City.

CREDITS Written by David Whitaker and Terry Nation. Directed by Gillian Howell. Designed by Hutchinson Scott. Assistant to Mr Hutchinson Scott John Duke. Scenery built by E. Babbage Limited and painted by Alick Johnstone. Properties by Theatre Studios. Costumes by Nathans. Sound recordings by Theatre Projects (Sound) Ltd. Daleks made by Shawcraft Models Limited. Ladies Hairdressing by Spiers of Berkeley Square. General Manager for John Gale Productions Limited Martin Tickner. Company and Stage Manager Martin Beckwith. Deputy Stage Manager Geoffrey Paget. Wardrobe Mistress Paula Davies. Assistant to General Manager Meg Poole. Production Secretary Pru Skene. By arrangement with Donald Albery.

PERFORMANCES Tuesday 21 December 1965 – Saturday 15 January 1966, Wyndham's Theatre, London

SEVEN KEYS TO DOOMSDAY



Jimmy, Jenny and the Doctor struggle with a massive Clawrantular on the planet Karn.

ACT ONE

The TARDIS materialises on stage and a white-haired Doctor staggers out. Jimmy Forbes and Jenny Wilson, two youngsters from the front row, respond to his calls for help and get him back into the ship where he regenerates. The Doctor explains how he had been wounded in an ambush on the planet Karn where he had found a crystal on an archaeological expedition. He knows the Time Lords want him to investigate what is going on ...

The TARDIS materialises outside the Citadel, once the centre of a mighty empire but ruined after civil war between the brilliant scientists, the Masters of Karn. The Doctor uses a crystal detector to find more gems, leaving Jimmy and Jenny at the TARDIS where they are captured by two men and a woman with white hair. The leader, Jedak, also has a crystal. When the Doctor returns, having found another crystal, Jedak demands that the Doctor hands it over; it is part of the Crystal of Power. Hearing a rattlesnake noise, the trio withdraw and the Doctor deduces the three were escaped slaves. Two monstrous clawed creatures are hunting the escapees. Wondering why the

crystals are important, the Doctor decides to enter the city.

At the walls of the highly advanced city, the Doctor's party again encounters Jedak's group, who reveal that there are seven parts of the crystal. The creatures ambush the group and Garm is fatally wounded, but manages to tell the Doctor that the computer in the city "knows everything." Telling them to stop the "Doomsday plan" he gives them a map and another crystal. The Doctor's group enters the city via the maintenance tunnels, evading an electronic forcefield where the Doctor finds another crystal hidden in a trapdoor. The Doctor blows the trap's fuse – and a voice informs them that they are the first living creatures in a thousand years to enter the City.

The Computer welcomes the Doctor as an intelligent being. Suspecting that the Crystal was split into smaller pieces and hidden to stop a hostile force using it, the Doctor asks the Computer about it. Since this knowledge is forbidden, the machine decrees they must be destroyed; a large spiked block descends on the trio who are trapped by light beams. The Doctor proves he can devise a question which the Computer cannot answer, and they escape – with

"I HAVE TRICKED YOU!"

In the weapon area of the Dalek base, the Doctor and his friends watch as the Ultimate Weapon is activated ...

EMPEROR You have been defeated by the superior intelligence of the Daleks

DOCTOR Have I? (THE MACHINE NOISE BUILDS UP) You'll remember that I had one of the crystals in my possession for quite some time? I made a few alterations to its atomic structure in the TARDIS laboratory.

EMPEROR You are trying to trick us.

DOCTOR I have tricked you! That final crystal is acting as a catalytic booster for the other six. It's thrown that machine directly into overload.

EMPEROR That is impossible.

DOCTOR Is it? Look! (THE MACHINE IS CHUGGING AND STEAMING ALARMINGLY) In a few minutes your precious Ultimate Weapon is going to blow up, taking most of your base with it.

From *Seven Keys to Doomsday: Act II* by Terrance Dicks

the Doctor collecting another crystal from the Computer.

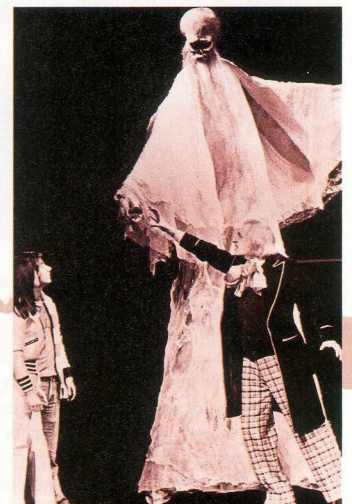
In the catacombs, the Doctor tries to find the last surviving Grand Master referred to by the Computer. The Doctor is attacked by a mutated sea creature, but saved by Jedak and Tara. They explain how, after their civilisation fell, they lived a simple life until their world was invaded. The invaders are searching for the Crystal of Power, a plan discovered by Tara's brother before he was killed. The invaders are constructing a tremendous weapon. Jedak trusts the Doctor with his crystal. The Doctor confirms his suspicions that the invaders are Daleks when two patrol the tunnels with the clawed creatures. The party splits up and they make for the ruins of the Great Hall where they encounter the ghostly, skeletal figure of the Grand Master. The Master decrees that all who seek the Crystal will be destroyed, and he and the Doctor engage in a battle of wills – which the Doctor wins, taking the Master's crystal. The shock of defeat destroys the Master. Suddenly the group is surrounded by Daleks, who threaten Jenny. The Doctor prepares to hand over the Crystal ...

ACT TWO

The Doctor, Jenny, Jimmy, Jedak and Tara hurry into the TARDIS and take off, having escaped the Daleks. They suspect there is a traitor informing the Daleks. The Doctor still has his original crystal and is heading towards the Dalek base. While Jedak's people create a distraction, the Doctor immobilises a Dalek sentry; its casing is perfect for Jenny to operate and take them into the city. In the base, the group meets Jedak and Tara whose party holds the reactors. The fake Dalek is soon detected and Jimmy sees Jenny's Dalek destroyed. Tara is appalled and lets slip that the Daleks promised her there would be no killing; the Daleks are holding her brother Marco prisoner.

Jenny had already left the Dalek

casing but is captured and taken to the Mind Analysis Machine. The Doctor's party manages to rescue Marco from his forcefield prison. Marco explains that the Daleks have rebuilt one of the weapons of the old Masters – the Ultimate Weapon of which the Crystal of Power is the Super-Catalyst. The group attacks the Weapon Chamber. Marco is



The Doctor (Trevor Martin) nabs a crystal from the Grand Master (Simon Jones).

killed, and Jedak, Jenny and Jimmy are captured. The Doctor manages to steal the Crystals of Power from the Ultimate Weapon but is confronted by the Emperor Dalek. The machine will alter the cosmic rays of the Universe to drain energy from animal tissue – only the Daleks will be immune. The Doctor is forced to complete the Crystal – but once it is activated he reveals that he changed the atomic structure of his crystal in the TARDIS, throwing the machine into overload. The Doctor's party escapes in the confusion.

Tara and Jedak say goodbye, as the travellers enter the TARDIS. The Doctor returns Jimmy and Jenny to the theatre and prepares for his next mission on Vega. Jenny wants to help, but Jimmy is reluctant and an argument ensues ...

IN PRODUCTION



December 31, 1974 and a white-wigged Trevor Martin poses with audience members.

After *Curse of the Daleks*, the next *Doctor Who* play was proposed in Spring 1970 when Andrew Leigh of Century Theatre Limited in Lancaster contacted the BBC. A draft contract was sent out on Thursday 18 June 1970, but it was not until Tuesday 3 August 1971 that the company felt able to proceed. On Thursday 26 August, Leigh and Peter Oysten travelled to London and met up with a representative of BBC Licensing at the Mermaid Theatre to agree basic terms for the project. Leigh and Oysten were asked to submit a copy of their proposed script to Barry Letts, then-producer of *Doctor Who*, before the notion could be discussed any further. When Letts was able to see the script, he found that it was not in the spirit of the television series, and as such the Century Theatre proposal was allowed to lapse by late 1971.

Nevertheless, the idea for a stage play appealed to script editor Terrance Dicks and, with his old writing partner Malcolm Hulke, he suggested another *Doctor Who* stage play; their agent, Harvey Unna, made the relevant licence enquiries on Thursday 20 January 1972. The BBC replied on Thursday 27 January, and on Monday 7 February, Unna indicated that when the stage idea had been fully developed, they would attempt to agree terms. The format Dicks had in mind was a musical, starring Jon Pertwee, which would run as a summer revue.

As it transpired, the Dicks/Hulke collaboration did not develop. The next approach came in early 1973 when David T Cardwell of Dimension Productions had various telephone discussions with Letts about developing a *Doctor Who* stage play as either a Christmas show or a summer revue. Cardwell pursued this notion, writing to Letts on Friday 9 March. Shortly afterwards, on Friday 6 April, Letts was contacted again by Oysten who was now Artistic Director at the Duke's Playhouse in Lancaster; Oysten was still keen to pursue the notion of a *Doctor Who* play for that Christmas, and proposed that the script should be written by David Pownall, who had recently become more established with several stage plays and work for BBC radio. There was also correspondence between the BBC and Billy Marsh of London Management on Thursday 17 May regarding a stage version of *Doctor Who*.

In the meantime, Dimension Productions pushed forward with its project, and had discussed a stage version of *Dr Who and the Daleks* with Jon Pertwee, Terry Nation and Nation's agent Roger Hancock by the start of September 1973. All three parties

were agreeable; Pertwee had a great deal of theatre experience and was keen to appear as the Doctor on stage. On Wednesday 5 September, Letts indicated that he was agreeable to Cardwell's proposals, again providing that the script was in keeping with the series. Cardwell agreed and said he wanted Letts to supervise production; all this was approved in principle by Letts' superior, Ronnie Marsh.

During September and October 1973, negotiations with the relevant parties continued. The main problem facing Cardwell was the fee suggested by Pertwee and his agent Richard Stone; this would force ticket prices up to £3 each – felt to be too expensive for a children's show. Pertwee was also facing a deadline by which time he had to agree to starring in a Ray Cooney play scheduled for the following summer, and so on Tuesday 23 October, Cardwell wrote to Letts to say that he was reluctantly calling off the project.

The next *Doctor Who* stage proposal came in spring 1974 from Anthony Pye-Jeary of Robert De Wynter and Anthony Pye-Jeary Ltd who had an office in Piccadilly. Pye-Jeary was new to the world of theatrical production, and was looking for a bankable brand name with which to launch his career. At an early stage, Pye-Jeary talked about the notion of a play with Dicks, who had now left his role as script editor on the TV series and was again a freelance writer. Pye-Jeary wanted a lavish family show in London's West End for the Christmas period, and Dicks pointed out that this would mean that Tom Baker – who had been cast as Pertwee's successor – would not be available to appear in it (recording on *Doctor Who* had been scheduled from September 1974 to March 1975). Dicks pointed out to Pye-Jeary that another actor could be hired as the Doctor, but to make the play a success, he would need to negotiate the use of the Daleks. By the start of May, Pye-Jeary had an agreement in principle from Nation, and Dicks seized the opportunity to write the script.

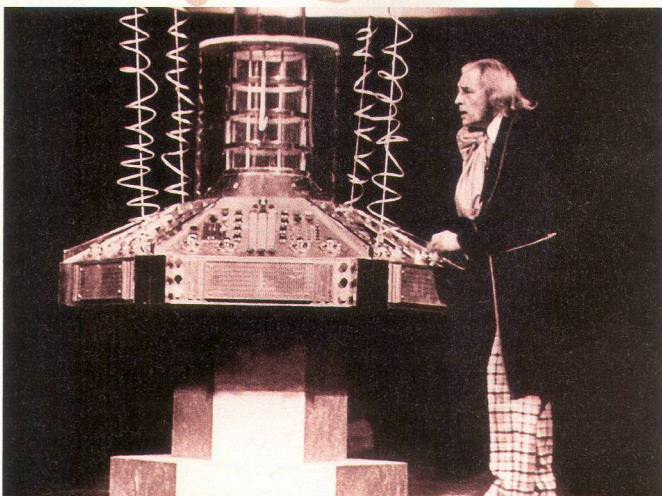
The proposal outlined to Letts from BBC Enterprises on Monday 6 May was that the play would open in London at the start of December for an eight to ten-week

'I CAN REMEMBER THINKING "THIS IS NEVER GOING TO WORK" BUT IT DID'

TREVOR MARTIN SONIC SCREWDRIIVER #102

run, and then go on tour. "As these plans will probably conflict with your own commitment for Tom Baker," said the memo, "Mr Pye-Jeary wondered whether, if Dr Who was seen in outline on a dark stage entering a time machine for 'rejuvenation', the difference in appearance of the character could be explained in this way?" In early June, Letts met with Pye-Jeary and agreed that a new Doctor could be cast. Letts also acted as the production co-ordinator for the BBC; he was now handing over the role of *Doctor Who* producer to Philip Hinchcliffe while waiting for further drama serials to be scheduled for him.

The budget for the show was set at a substantial £35,000. Dicks was amazed at the outlay and feared that the producers would not recoup their investment. Dicks' script, headed 'Doctor Who and the Daleks in Seven Keys to Doomsday', opened by suggesting that a 'Time/Space effect fills the screen' and that the Doctor, as first seen, is 'a tall, white-haired man wrapped in a cloak ... hands to his face.' In the front row of the stalls would be seated the Doctor's companions; Dave and Jenny. Dave was 'a tough, bright kid of around fifteen, self-assured and even a bit cocky' while Jenny was 'a pretty girl of the same age, Dave's girlfriend in a taken-for-granted way. Nicer and gentler than Dave, able to see the uncertainties beneath his brash exterior.' Examining the prone man, Jenny turns the Doctor 'finishing in such a position that she can obviously see his face, though the audience can't.' The script



Trevor Martin's Doctor at the controls of his TARDIS, on stage at the Adelphi Theatre.

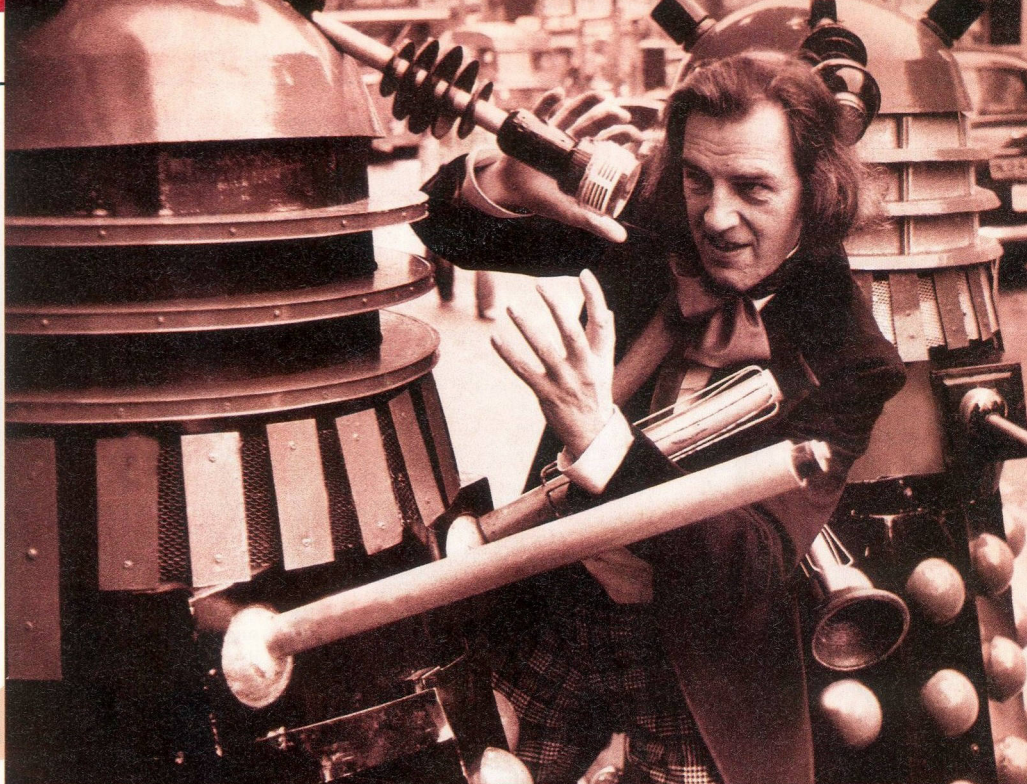
then outlined the regeneration thus: 'Blackout, as the scene on stage freezes. On the screens, a montage of faces featuring all the previous Doctors ending up with the face of "our" Doctor. Finally this face becomes dominant, replacing all the others. The lights come up and we are back in the TARDIS. During the blackout, the white wig has been "lost", and the Doctor leaps to his feet, whipping off his cloak and completing his transformation into "our" Doctor.' Dicks himself was never fond of this regeneration idea.

The rebels on Karn were 'basically humanoid, but with something slightly alien about their features. They wear voluminous hooded black cloaks over rough, peasant-type clothing.' Jedak was 'a tough, hardened guerrilla-fighter, leader of the attackers,' Garm was the 'largest and ugliest of the attackers' while Tara was 'an attractive girl in her twenties.' The Daleks' aides were a race of humanoid creatures, one of which Dicks described as wearing 'some kind of military harness, and though its general shape is human, its head and hands are those of a savage crocodile-like creature. It stands poised, looking round, and gives the rattle again.'

Elements of the television series were worked into Dicks' script. As the Doctor examined his new face, he commented "have to take the rough with the smooth" – which Dicks had used in his script for *Robot* (already recorded and due to air that Christmas). When confronting the all-knowing Computer, the Doctor used the "Everything I tell you is true – and I tell you that I am a liar" paradox employed previously in *The Green Death*, and, in keeping with *Planet of the Daleks*, indicated that "Cold is the one thing Daleks can't stand" in a sequence where a Dalek was disabled with a fire extinguisher (an aspect later dropped in the performances). The Mind Analysis Machine seen in *Day of the Daleks* was referred to, the Daleks were led by an Emperor and at the end of the play, the Doctor offers Dave and Jenny a chance to take a look at "Metebelis Three" on the way home. A few changes were made to the script before production; the Crystals of All Power became simply the Crystal of Power, while the notion of having one of the creatures killed by a forcefield and the Doctor discovering a crystal on its body was abandoned; instead, the Doctor would find the crystal in a hidden hatch. The scripted character of Marko was also renamed Marco.

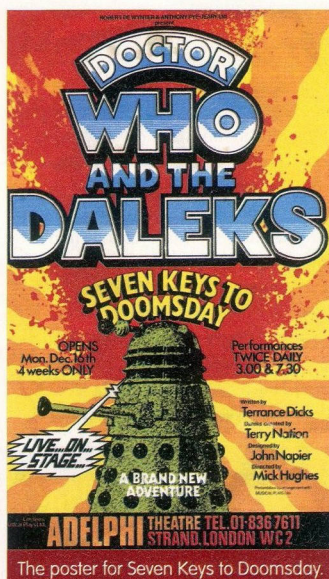
The director, Mick Hughes, had served in the RAF and was a former BBC cameraman who had worked as a director and a lighting designer in the theatre since the 1960s. Since 1972, his lighting work in the West End had included *Vivat Vivat Regina* and *Seven Keys to Doomsday* was to be his West End directing debut.

Finding the right actor to play the Doctor took around six months. Pye-Jeary had an actor in mind for the part and suggested him to Letts. Letts felt this choice was totally wrong and arranged for the producers to see one of the actor's performances in a BBC programme. The producers realised that Letts was right and chose again. This time they selected Trevor Martin who met with Letts' approval. Martin was a



Trevor Martin (in his dark wig this time) takes a couple of Daleks for a stroll down The Strand on November 7, 1974.

40-year-old actor with the Prospect Theatre Company who saw the opportunity to play the Doctor as a change from his classical roles. Trained at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, Martin had worked with the BBC Radio Drama Repertory company and the National Theatre. On television, his roles had included an appearance as a Time Lord in *The War Games*. With four teenage children, Martin had watched a lot of *Doctor Who* with his family.



On Thursday 7 November, a photocall was held outside the Adelphi Theatre in the Strand with Martin in full costume posing with one of Nation's battered Dalek props from the film *Daleks – Invasion Earth 2150AD* (adapted as the Dalek Supreme in *Planet of the Daleks*), and one of the five new Daleks made for the stage by Phillip Alleston and Philip Poole. Martin's costume was a blend of items from Doctor's first and third television incarnations, exaggerated to appear clearly to a theatre audience. He wore loud checked trousers, a frock coat with wide lapels, a large floppy bow tie, waistcoat and a long white wig.

Of the rest of the cast, the part of Dave – renamed Jimmy for the performances – went to James Matthews who had trained at the East 15 Acting School, worked in rep and was making his West End debut. Jenny was played by Wendy Padbury who had

appeared in *Doctor Who* as Troughton-era companion Zoe Heriot; because of her diminutive stature she was still able to play teenagers. Also in the cast was Simon Jones, later famous as Arthur Dent in *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*.

The production design was handled by John Napier, an acclaimed designer at the National Theatre, who also worked with the Royal Shakespeare Company. Great use was made of three back-projection screens angled around the stage which were fed images from 24 synchronised carousel slide projectors. Dicks allowed for this in his script which indicated that when the Doctor's party left the TARDIS, the production should use a 'Space/Time effect on the screens' to get to the 'Exterior of Karn' (some specially-painted artwork). These allowed quick changes of sets in the darkness to be covered by short scenes of back-projection, allowing Dicks' script to make use of many intercutting scenes. Martin undertook a lengthy photographic session for the regeneration sequence, which also used BBC publicity photographs of William Hartnell, Patrick Troughton and Jon Pertwee as the Doctor. The resultant 2000 slides were set to appear automatically in sequence, cued by the actors' dialogue; as such, the performances had to run to time with the slideshows. The Emperor Dalek – which was of a new design and not that seen in *The Evil of the Daleks* – appeared only on these screens.

The crocodile monsters in Dicks' script were the subject of a readers competition in *The Sun* to rename and design the Daleks' henchmen; the winning entry was the Clawrantular. Three of these predominantly red costumes were made and stood

OTHER PERFORMANCES SEVEN KEYS TO DOOMSDAY

Two further productions of *Seven Keys to Doomsday* were later staged. The first, *Doctor Who and the Seven Keys to Doomsday*, was performed at the Buxton Opera House by the Buxton Drama League from Thursday 3 to Saturday 5 December 1981 at 7.30pm, with an additional 2.30pm Saturday matinee. With this production, the team worked from Terrance Dicks' original script, and as such Jimmy remained as Dave, and the Clawrantulars were depicted as Crocs. Being a low-budget semi-professional show, many of the elaborate effects used in the original London version were impossible to achieve. The Doctor was played by Colin Jones, with Anthony Fitzgerald as Dave and Elizabeth Hicken as Jenny.

The next version was in 1984 when the Porirua Little Theatre in Titahi Bay, New Zealand performed *Seven Keys to Doomsday* at the Community Hall on Saturday 24 and Sunday 25 November, and Saturday 1, Sunday 2 and Saturday 8 December at 3pm and 7.30pm. The director was Brian Hudson, a former radio announcer who had worked in Britain with the BBC and had seen the original production at the Adelphi. After getting agreements from the BBC and Terry Nation, the production went ahead. Mike Sagar was cast as the Doctor, with Theresa Milgate as Jenny and Alistair Hudson as Dave. The Crocs were renamed Clawrantulas (as with the original production). The production appeared on the local television news and gained coverage in papers like *The Evening Post*.



Jenny (Wendy Padbury) gets pally with the Grand Master of Karn (Simon Jones).

almost ten-foot high, with the actors' height exaggerated by boots with massive lifts. The creatures also had a massive claw on their right hands and a tubular arm with a clamp on the left hand. Action sequences were handled by wrestler and judo expert Mo Kiki, who also played a Clawrantular.

Another exotic creation from freelance props maker Allister Bowtell and BBC costume designer James Acheson (who had worked on serials such as *The Three Doctors*) was the Grand Master of Karn, a 12-foot-high creature with a transparent, glowing green skull. This was achieved by having Simon Jones stand on a hidden platform on a wheeled trolley, operating the long arms with rods like a puppet.

One of the trickiest props to deal with was the giant claw of a mutated sea creature which emerged from the back of the stage. The production made great use of lighting and dry ice smoke – the generator for which went into overdrive and flooded the front of the theatre with mist during one early performance. The TARDIS set comprised a small version of the familiar six sided control console, lowered in from the ceiling by four cables covered with coils of flashing lights.

The main poster for *Doctor Who and the Daleks – Seven Keys to Doomsday* depicted a photograph of the Gold Dalek from *Day of the Daleks* squawking "Live ... On ... Stage ...". The public was told that the show would be at the Adelphi for '4 weeks only'. The complexity of the show meant that the full technical run took several

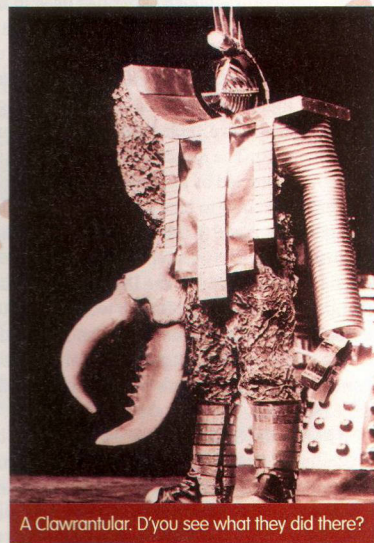
days; one of the main problems was establishing cues for the back-projected slides. This necessitated the cancellation of press previews when Martin insisted that the cast had a proper dress rehearsal before letting anyone see the production. The dress rehearsal was scheduled for Sunday 15 December, the day before the show opened. The confidence of the cast was low at this point – yet there were no major technical disasters in the subsequent run. Letts attended the dress rehearsal and, having spent many years as an actor, was unconcerned by the problems as he knew they would be sorted out on the night; his only comment was that the Doctor's cravat was too large and comical. In comparison, the inexperienced Pye-Jeary had major worries about the first night ...

The show ran twice daily at 3pm and 7.30pm for its planned four weeks, with no performances on Sundays, Christmas Day or New Year's Day. Unfortunately, Dicks missed the bulk of the opening night as his four year-old son was terrified by the Daleks and had to be taken home. A later performance was attended by Letts and Tom Baker.

Of the newspaper reviews the following day, Herbert Kretzmer's piece on *Dr Who* and the Daleks commented on the 'splendid gadgetry' of the production, while in *The Times* Irving Wardle also admired the design but criticised Dicks because of the sequence where it was revealed that there was a creature inside the Dalek; Wardle sagely claimed that a Dalek should contain only 'the standard printed circuit.' The designs were again highlighted by Milton Shulman in his review *You Know Who*, who commented that he 'would not recommend this show for the under-eights' but felt it 'ought to be a great success this Christmas.' Arthur Thirkell of *The Daily Mirror* declared that 'Parents should enjoy the spectacle as much as the children' while BA Young incorrectly recalled the Doctor being on stage at Wyndham's in 1965 but delivered the verdict 'The children simply loved it ... So did I.' Dicks took great pleasure in replying to Wardle's misconception in print by writing a deliberately 'pompous' letter to *The Times*; the record was set straight as Dicks said he hoped the paper would 'permit me to exterminate this minor inaccuracy.'

During the run, Matthews was indisposed for some performances and Jones took his place. The start of the play, with Padbury and Matthews entering from the foyer with the rest of the audience, often saw real theatre-goers telling them to be quiet when they began their dialogue, or even trying to stop them from getting up on stage! Padbury also suffered from acid burns on her legs from the car battery mounted inside the Dalek casing she had to operate for part of Act Two.

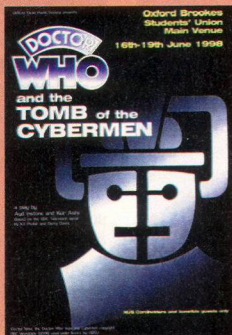
Unfortunately for many London shows, the IRA had launched a bombing campaign in England, and in the wake of a bomb in Guilford and Birmingham during October and November, the public was reluctant to venture into the



A Clawrantular. D'you see what they did there?

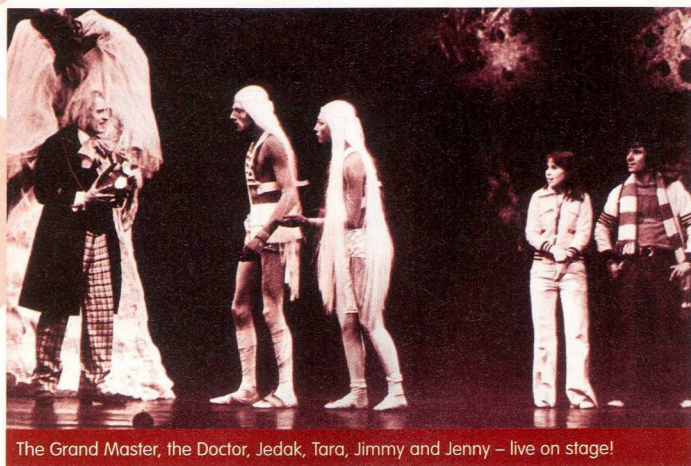
STAGE ADAPTATIONS TELEVISION STORIES

The first licensed stage adaptation of a *Doctor Who* television serial was *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, staged as a two two-act plays by Oxford Brookes University Students' Union between Tuesday 16 and Friday 19 June 1998 (with the first two episodes on the first two nights and the last two episodes on the last two). The adaptation was the work of devotees Aid Instone and Keir Ashe who had the idea when working on the student magazine *The Last Edition* in 1995. They wanted to see *Doctor Who* done on stage as a straight play, not a spoof, and considered both *The Robots of Death* and *The Tomb of the Cybermen*. Keir pursued the BBC for six months to get the rights, after which the script was adapted in three weeks. The final draft produced on Monday 27 April 1998 began with a reworking of the opening scene of *Genesis of the Daleks* in which a Time Lord briefed the Doctor for his mission to Telos. The character of Jamie was changed into that of Ben, and shortly after the TARDIS arrived on Telos, the Doctor was forced to regenerate, with the new Doctor receiving advice from his predecessor. The script also renamed some of the rocket crew as David Banks and John Turner as in-jokes. Instone was also the executive producer with Ashe as co-producer and director alongside producer Eliot Howels; Ashe also played Professor Parry. Richard Laming, a big fan of the series, played the main Doctor with Instone as the other Doctor. Tania Freke Evans was Victoria Waterfield and Michael Emmott played Ben.



Two other Patrick Troughton serials were also adapted for the stage by the Bedlam Theatre Company and Dramatis Personae, with the permission of the BBC. The first of these was *The Web of Fear*, adapted and directed by Rob Thrush as a production of two 50-minute acts with pre-recorded video sequences such as the battle at Covent Garden. Some of the male characters from the original were made female (Julia Silverstein, Harriet Chorley and Weams) and the cast featured Nick Scovell (who had been in the Big Finish CD *Whispers of Terror*) as the Doctor, John-Paul McCrohon as Jamie and Nancy Holloway as Victoria; Thrush appeared as Colonel Lethbridge. Performed at the Portsmouth Arts Centre between Wednesday 31 May and Saturday 3 June 2000, the production raised funds for the Foundation for the Study of Infant Death.

Two years later, *Fury from the Deep* was similarly staged by Thrush and the Bedlam Theatre Company, again with some extensive pre-recording during February 2002 which included work at Eastney Beach, helicopter material at Woodwood airfield and videophone sequences featuring Michael Sheard as Chief Baxter. Scovell and McCrohon reprised their roles as the Doctor and Jamie while Laura Ford took over as Victoria; this time, Van Lutyens and Perkins were rewritten to be female characters. The production ran at the New Theatre Royal, Portsmouth from Wednesday 27 to Saturday 30 March 2002, with proceeds going to the restoration of the New Theatre Royal.



The Grand Master, the Doctor, Jedak, Tara, Jimmy and Jenny – live on stage!

West End. Audiences were not as large as hoped – and on the first night there was a bomb scare when Martin found an attaché case left in the auditorium by one of the design team. As it transpired, the next IRA bombings were indeed in London – a fortnight after *Seven Keys to Doomsday* had closed.

By the end of the run, the show had taken only £27,500, and the producers looked at ways to recover the outlay with a UK tour. It was hoped that a tour could start in late February, with *Seven Keys to Doomsday* appearing at various venues around the country for ten weeks, ending up at Blackpool in May where it would run as a summer show at a prominent venue. At the same time, Dicks would write a new script which the cast would rehearse over the summer, and then tour with in the autumn before returning to London for another Christmas West End run.

The cast began rehearsals for the tour, uncertain if it would proceed or not. The producers left it too late to book the show in for the spring. Several theatres had stages which were too small for some of the sets – notably the Doomsday Machine. Only certain venues, scattered across the country, were available, making the cost of moving the sets uneconomical. At the last moment, the producers phoned the cast and announced that the tour was off. For some years, one of the Clawrantular costumes was available for hire in a fancy dress shop in London.

In 1975, Dicks reworked elements of the play – such as the planet Karn and the Doctor's mind battle – for his television serial *The Brain of Morbius*. Dicks discussed novelising the adventure for the Target Books range, but discovered that the costs incurred by the use of the Daleks were prohibitive.

DWM

Robert de Wynter and Anthony Pye-Jeary Ltd
by agreement with Musical Plays Ltd present

DOCTOR WHO AND THE DALEKS in a brand new adventure SEVEN KEYS TO DOOMSDAY

CAST Trevor Martin *The Doctor* and Wendy Padbury *Jenny*, James Matthews *Jimmy**, Ian Ruskin *Jedak*, Patsy Dermott *Tara* with Anthony Garner *Garm*, Robin Browne *Marco*, Simon Jones *Master of Karn*, Jacquie Dubin *The Emperor*, Peter Jolley *Clawrantular*, Mo Kiki *Clawrantular*, Peter Whitting *Clawrantular*, Peter Jolley *Dalek Dialogue*.

* Simon Jones understudies for some performances

CREDITS Writer Terrance Dicks. Daleks Created by Terry Nation. Director Mick Hughes. Designer John Napier. Sound Phillip Clifford. Production Supervisor Trevor Mitchell. Production Co-ordinator for the BBC Barry Letts. Dalek Dialogue Peter Jolley. Fight Arranging Mo Kiki. Company Stage Manager Trevor Mitchell. Deputy Stage Manager Alison Redgrave. Assistant Stage Manager Fiona Davie. Sound Operator Jonathan Deans. Projections Bob Langley. Wardrobe Mistress Judy Cartland. For Robert de Wynter and Anthony Pye-Jeary Ltd: Executive Assistant to the Producers: Lezli Taubler. Production Carpenter George Newark. Production Electrician Neil Schofield. Monsters Co-ordinator James Acheson. Assistant to John Napier Martyn Bainbridge. Publicity Graphics Liam Butler. Press and Public Relations Wendy Tayler. Slide photography by Dawson Strange Photography Ltd. Projections by Electronsonics. Set by Brunskill and Kingman Ltd and RSC Stratford. Stage foliage by George Fathers Studios. Lighting equipment by Theatre Sound and Lighting (Services) Ltd. Sound by Autograph. Stereo Broadcast tape cartridge machines by Lee Engineering Ltd, Walton-on-Thames. Costumes executed by Diana Belli. Monsters by Allister Bowtell. Wigs by Ron Freeman. Make-up Supervisor Ken Lintott. Daleks built by Phillip Alleston and Philip Poole. Hand props by Andy Hall. Smoke and mist effects by Richard Dendy. Production photographs by John Haynes.

PERFORMANCES Monday 16 December 1974 – Saturday 11 January 1975, Adelphi Theatre, London

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THE TIME TEAM

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EPISODE **358** TO EPISODE **365**

CLICHÉ COUNTER

Deaths on screen so far

00538

One or more regulars rendered unconscious

00093

One or more regulars incarcerated

00164

It's about half-past the thirteenth century, and somewhere in Ye Olde Engleande, a Sontaran named Linx is renting a basement studio in the castle of Irongron, a robber baron. Linx is using primitive time technology to raid the future for scientific aid, and carelessly fiddling with history as a sideline. The Doctor is resolved to send him packing. Sarah Jane Smith – cute-as-a-button journalist – has also found herself swept up in the adventure, and she tries, but fails, to convince some local toffs that the Doctor is the villain of the piece.

"Y'know," begins Clay, "there's a fan myth that Pertwee is going through the motions in this season. That's cobbler. He's a really warm, loveable character – I like the way he just sits back and smiles at Sarah when she has a pop at him. He's become a combination of the first two Doctors – stern, but kind and funny."

Richard laughs. "Sarah asks of the Doctor, 'You're serious, aren't you?' and he replies, 'About what I do, yes, not necessarily about the way I do it'... That is a great line – it sums up the whole programme so well!"

Linx and Irongron are attempting to storm the castle belonging to the Doctor's new friends – Irongron for the loot, Linx just for the sheer hell of it. Linx would storm a kids' playground if someone told him he could gain strategic control of the swings.

"What a pity we never see Linx on a horse!" chuckles Richard.

"It's about the only thing he doesn't do," says Peter. "If only all monsters could be like him – superbly designed and well characterised, too. Why isn't this story a six-parter?"

Sneaking into Irongron's fortress, Sarah heads to the kitchen with the intention of drugging the stew. The Doctor attempts to rescue the kidnapped scientists, knowing that everyone in the castle will be roasted when Linx's ship is readied for take-off.

"Tsk," tsks Peter. "Sarah should insist someone warns the innocent scullions of the danger – so much for women's lib!"

"Oh, don't get me started," begins Jac. (Too late!) "Sarah's level of feminism is on a par with George of the Famous Five, wearing shorts and shouting, 'I'm as good as a boy any day!' And this is written by Robert Holmes – I dread to think what she'd be like under a lesser writer!"

The Doctor's plan comes together in the fourth and final episode, as he runs rings around Linx and other assorted medieval evil.

"There are some gorgeous moments between Irongron and his lieutenant, Bloodaxe," adds Jac. "Really laugh-out-loud funny."

"Almost every scene with Irongron in it begins with him chopping something in half or crashing a flagon of mead on the table," chuckles Clay. "Robert Holmes is really having fun with his historical clichés."

After a final confrontation with the Doctor, Linx is slain by an archer's arrow which hits him in his most vulnerable spot.

"Perhaps a 'Probic Vent Protector' might be in order?" ponders Peter. "Can it be beyond the wit of the mighty Sontaran empire to construct such a device?"

When Linx's spacecraft explodes on take-off, Irongron's castle is levelled. Jac is appalled.

"The Doctor knew the castle was going to blow up," she almost shouts. "He says he doesn't want anyone to die, and then ... he has everyone drugged so they fall asleep! That makes no sense at all! I bet you anything that all the innocent serving women were still in there when it exploded – no one nipped down to wake them up or warn them... Because of that, the story end on a bit of a sour note for me."

"Bah!" replies Peter. "Forget them ... Tell you what, though, that was a superb little story. Since *Carnival of Monsters*, Holmes has really found his voice, hasn't he?"

"It feels like we're stepping forward," agrees Clay. "The series is now confident enough to be just a little self-mocking, which you can't imagine it having the nerve

to do even a couple of years before."

"Very true," says Richard. "It makes you rather proud, doesn't it?"

An hour-or-so later, the Time Team are ready for their next adventure, and the unduly modest *Invasion* squeaks through Richard's video. But who is invading whom?

Central London is mysteriously deserted. It's just like when the Rugby World Cup Final was on the telly, or maybe Ken Livingstone has really cranked up his Congestion Charge. The images of empty streets and abandoned cars remind one of our Team of a hit movie released 28 years later ...

"28 Days Later!" exclaims Richard. "They thought they were so clever with their deserted London scenes," says Richard. "But *Doctor Who* did it just as well in the 1970s."

The TARDIS unloads the Doctor and Sarah into the middle of this urban wilderness. "I'm so disappointed that the Doctor's tirade to Sarah in the novelisation isn't in the script here," says a mournful Clay. "You know, where he says, 'I take you in the TARDIS to outer space, to another time in the history of the Universe, and what really excites you? Woolworths!' That's the best line ever ... Or never ... Whichever!"

"Empty London or not, the Doctor has completely missed UNIT HQ!" notes Peter. "His control of the TARDIS is obviously slipping. He doesn't even bother trying again, either, and instead trusts to non-existent public transport and abandons his ship in some park."

Our time travellers dither at a bus stop for a while, hoping to catch the Number 36 to UNIT HQ. The fact that no bus appears within half-an-hour is not so strange for central London, so the Doctor and Sarah try to hitch a lift from a passing motorist. He drives straight past at maniac speed – nothing out of the ordinary there, either.

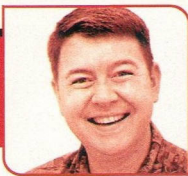
"It's really odd to see the Doctor in London," says Clay, rubbing his chin. "It's strange to see the him hanging round bus stops and garages and ordinary places. The Pertwee era is set so solidly in a world of military bases and weird places like circuses and isolated villages, that the urban setting is very refreshing and really adds the 'Tooting Bec' factor."

"It's very *Avengersy*," agrees Jac. "It's a wonderful opening – very creepy and mysterious. It's almost a shame to see UNIT turn up."

But turn up they do. The Brigadier and his gallant force – under the command of the no-nonsense General Finch – have set up a temporary command centre in a school somewhere in London. No-one is telling us why the city has been evacuated, but Benton is in charge of a map of London so crowded with markers that it looks like the expansion plans for Starbuck's. Meanwhile, after getting mixed up with a jewel thief in Hatton Garden, the Doctor and Sarah are arrested under suspicion of looting. It's only when they are being driven to a detention centre in an army jeep that they finally discover why the city is empty ...

Compiled by
GARY GILLATT

Illustration by
ADRIAN SALMON



AND YOU SAID...

THE TIME WARRIOR



"Sticking up for the 'Galactic ticket inspectors'; the Doctor's exile has thoroughly 'rehabilitated' him into a well-behaved little Time Lord, hasn't it? Bleah. Time for a regeneration." Alex Wilcock, Isle of Dogs

"It seems a bit strange that the Doctor, having been at odds with the Time Lords, acts with such wounded pride for his culture when Linx claims the Time Lords could not withstand a determined assault."

Jim Welke, USA

INVASION OF THE DINOSAURS

"Shouldn't Sarah Jane be suspicious of the large amount of security clearance she is given by the Brigadier, Grover, and General Finch? She is a journalist, after all, but hasn't picked up on this." David Farmbrough, Brenford

"Grover pops in straight after Mike's role is carelessly exposed; from the timing, he may as well have come on carrying a sign saying 'I'm the next villain.'"

Alex Wilcock, Isle of Dogs

"The Reminder room – that's great! Nowadays they'd be packing people into an endless loop of Bowling for Columbine. This lot are typical 'useful idiots' in someone else's scheme, which as Hulke's parting statement to Doctor Who suggests he was having an Orwell-like crisis with his own side." Karen Taylor, Cambs

"The story's structure ruins the suspense in Part Four. The viewer could be strung along for quite a while in the belief that Sarah really has been in the 'spaceship' for three months, but the simultaneous parallel action 'back on Earth' completely ruins this." Steven Manfred, USA

"Is there's a half-hearted attempt to explain why no one remembers the mass evacuation of London. The Doctor says time went backwards for everything outside the forcefield – maybe it went back so far that the whole invasion 'unhappened'?" Ian Potter, e-mail

In DWM 341 the Team will be watching the last two parts of **The Monster of Peladon** before saying goodbye to Mr Pertwee on the **Planet of the Spiders**. Comments? Let us know at the usual address, or e-mail us at dwm@panini.co.uk (marked 'Time Team') by 1 February

A colossal creature from the dawn of creation blocks the road. Three stories high, its fearsome jaws drip gore, and razor-sharp teeth glint in the afternoon sun. The muscular, sinuous body ripples with destructive power. It truly is a terrifying sight.

If you squint.

"Uwaar," growls the dinosaur. "Uwaar. Uwaar."

"Erm, it's not terribly good, is it?" mumbles Richard. "It's almost exactly like the Chewits dinosaur. Y'know, the one in the advert that ate Barrow-in-Furness bus depot until it was distracted by some sweets."

"I love Doctor Who," says Peter. "I'm very good at suspending my disbelief, really I am. But I need some help here."

Clayton passes Peter the corkscrew. "C'mon," he says. "They're not especially bad, it's just that these days we know what dinosaurs are supposed to be like. Perhaps they looked more convincing in the 1970s, when the reference points were things like *The Land That Time Forgot*."

"They're about as convincing as that argument," replies Richard.

The end credits crash in with great comedy timing, just as dinosaur seems about to pitch forward onto its rubbery snout. At the start of Part Two, when the story admits its full ...of the *Dinosaurs* title, the creature makes a modest departure, sashaying backwards like a debutante who's been introduced to the Queen. "They can moonwalk!" enthuses Richard.

Our heroes are soon back with their UNIT chums, where the Brig brings them up to date with the situation. Dinosaurs have been appearing in central London for some months. By the pins on Benton's map, areas such as the West End, Regent's Park and Maida Vale seem to be popular destinations – so these are either pretty discerning dinosaurs or they just love the Bakerloo line. But where are they coming from?

We soon meet the whippy Professor Whitaker in his secret base, where he is using a time machine to summon reptiles from the past. "It's rather a pity that the mystery is revealed so early in the story," says Richard. "It could have done with being held back a little longer."

The Doctor is no slouch, and he sets about inventing a stun gun which will allow him to trap a dinosaur and ultimately identify the villains. It won't be as easy as he thinks, for there's a man in UNIT who's not like the other men. Someone bating for the other side.

"Mike Yates," gasps Peter. "He's a traitor! That really is the biggest shock in an age. Quite a bold move."

"He always seemed a bit too fey and soppy for UNIT," says Clay. "Look back at those big burly captains in *The Invasion* or *Spearhead*. If we'd had Jimmy Turner instead, then it would have been more of a shock."

On the orders of Whitaker, Mike sabotages the Doctor's new gun, and as Episode 3 begins the Time Lord is at the mercy of another prehistoric beast with jaws that bite and claws that catch. But Mike isn't so heartless as to sacrifice the Doctor, and the beamish boy stuns the Jabberwock himself. "At least Mike's still a good guy underneath," approves Jac.

Meanwhile, Sarah has been doing some research (she is a fantasy journalist, after all) which puts her on the trail of Whitaker. She believes he might be working from a secret Government bunker beneath London, and receives help in her investigation from the avuncular Sir Charles Grover MP. She's far too trusting, that girl ...

"Good grief, is there anyone who isn't a traitor?" asks a dumbfounded Jac as Grover takes Sarah captive. "I must say that Sarah's unravelled most of the plot all by herself, while the Doctor just mopes about and moans about sabotage. Good for her!"

Sarah is taken to a room which exerts a hypnotic influence over her. "This is the most sublime part of the story," says Clay. "You're expecting Sarah to just fall into a bog standard Doctor Who trap – to be used as a hostage or be brainwashed and turn traitor – but then there's a brilliant twist you weren't expecting. Excellent!"

When Sarah wakes up again, she is informed that she is on a spaceship which left Earth three months ago, en route to colonise another world.

Jac is impressed. "It's a great, great cliffhanger," she says.

Back on ground level, the Doctor is trying to track the villains in his own inimitable style, using some bleeping gubbins and a comedy vehicle.

"Oh dear!" groans Richard. "Doctor Who suddenly has a space car ..."

"The 'Whomobile' is one of those things you just accept until you actually think about it," says Clay. "The Whomobile! The Whomobile!! It's so rubbish! And the Doctor has Bessie anyway, which fits with his

character better – like him it's an old crock that can go like the clappers."

"Now Finch is a traitor too," sighs Jac, as it becomes clear that the General is up to his googly eyes in the conspiracy. "That's everyone except the Brig, Benton and the UNIT extras!"

Elsewhere, Sarah is meeting her shipmates – a bunch of die-hard environmentalists with rather a thing for tight-fitting demin suits. They are on their way to colonise a 'New Earth', which will be free of the evils of modern society; such as democracy, free healthcare and Hagen Dazs. Believing the 'spaceship' to be a scam, Sarah scorns the possibility of interstellar travel – despite having been the first to believe that a balding physicist could drag dinosaurs through time from a room under Whitehall.

"The notion of getting to a habitable planet within three months is blatantly ridiculous," says Richard. "But I'm sure there are plenty of people that genuinely wouldn't be aware of how impossible it is. That said, I thought that these were supposed to be specially selected individuals. Evidently high intelligence is not required for the New Earth."

"I'm just slightly concerned at the 'all environmentalists are loonies' message that seems to be coming out here," adds Jac. "I hope the Doc points out that they have got a lot of good arguments. They just shouldn't ... you know, go around wiping out all of humanity."

"But they don't know that's what they're doing!" argues Clay.

"They've been lied to! But Malcolm Hulke is surprisingly honest in his writing about how dull and worthy they are. Hulke was painfully 'right-on' in his earlier stories, so perhaps he's reacting against himself, or maybe he just got disillusioned in real life."

With Sarah's storyline provoking deep thought among our Team, it's perhaps unsurprising that the frothy Part Five plays to an almost silent room, consisting as it does of an interminable chase sequence. The Doctor has been framed as the 'monster maker', you see, and is on the run from the Army's crack plot-padding unit.

"I've really enjoyed this story up to now," says Jac. "But this chase, though pretty, is deeply tedious."

"Awaar" says a dinosaur. "Awaar."

"Thank goodness for that," says Jac, as a Tyrannosaurus eventually swings into view outside the Moorgate Buttery.

"This is the fifth cliffhanger of the story and the third one involving the sudden and 'unexpected' appearance of a Tyrannosaurus," comments Richard.

"What was the script editor thinking?"

While Sarah convinces the would-be colonists that they are patsies in a plan that will see millions of innocent people erased from history, the Doctor and the Brigadier resolve to take on Whitaker

and Grover – but haven't reckoned on Yates' devotion to his new cause ...

"After his wishy-washy traitoriness earlier," says Jac, casually inventing a word, "it's quite shocking to see Yates hold a gun on the Brig."

"I'm still not clear as to why he has turned traitor," replies Peter. "It's one thing to be opposed to air pollution or whatever, it's another to happily consider the extermination of most of humanity a sane solution."

And what about General Finch for that matter? Are we really to believe that he sits at home weeping over pictures of seagulls in oil slicks?

In the end, Whitaker and Grover are hoist by their own petard in traditional Doctor Who style, and accidentally banished to the pastoral past they crave so much. The other plotters are arrested, while the 'colonists' are presumably told to pull themselves together and get a bloody job.

"Oh," begins Jac. "You know I said I hoped the Doctor would have a little chat about environmentalism? I've changed my mind ..."

Clay makes a 'blechh!' sound. "It's terrible that Hulke ends the story with the Doctor's pompous speech about 'human greed' – but how marvellous that the Brigadier just says 'Right, OK' as if he was expecting it, and walks away without having listened to a word!"

"I really rather liked this story," says Richard. "But it's a pity that we've never had a chance to see a four-part Hulke story. They've all been six episodes plus, and most of them have gone on rather too long."

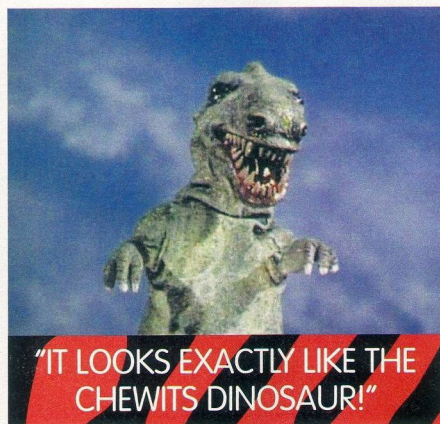
"The Time Warrior was light years ahead," agrees Clay. "It was about a more trivial subject, but actually felt so much more grown-up and relaxed. But Dinosaurs is probably Malcolm Hulke's most interesting story."

As our tale draws to a close, the Doctor offers Sarah a holiday on the planet Florana, where 'the seas are as warm as milk'.

"Urgh!" grimaces Jac. "That sounds absolutely disgusting."

So tune in next time for the chance to see Jon Pertwee swimming in Ovaltine. That'll get the dad's watching.

DWM



AAARRRRROOO! AAARRRRROOO!

OPEN
FIRE!

AAIIIEEE!

BAD BLOOD

PART TWO

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKING: DAVID A. ROACH COLOURS: ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN

K-CHOW!

K-CHOW!

EEEEAAH!

K-CHOW!

AARRGH!

THEY'RE
BEHIND US!
THEY'RE ON
THE ROOFS!

NNAARRHH!



K-CHOW!

GET DOWN,
DOCTOR!

K-CHOW!

THANK YOU,
RUNNING BEAR!



K-CHOW!

GENERAL
CUSTER!
THERE ARE TOO
MANY OF THESE
THINGS, WE'RE
HEMMED IN HERE!
WE HAVE TO GET
OUT OF
LINCOLN!

I'M NOT IN
THE HABIT OF
RUNNING FROM
A FIGHT, DOCTOR,
BUT YOU MAY
HAVE A POINT...

SADDLE
UP, MEN...

K-CHOW



RETREAT!

K-CHOW!



THEY'RE
FOLLOWING!

I'M NOT
SURPRISED --
THEY WON'T
GIVE UP A GOOD
FOOD SOURCE
EASILY!



GENERAL, WE'VE BEEN RIDING THE HORSES
HARD FOR HOURS! WE CAN'T PUSH THEM
MUCH LONGER, THEY'LL DROP!

I AM WELL AWARE
OF THAT, MAJOR -- WE
NEED TO CLAIM SOME
HIGHER GROUND...



"WE'LL MAKE OUR STAND AT
SAUNDERS PLATEAU..."



NEVER FIGURED I'D BE SHOULDER-TO-SHOULDER WITH INDIANS...

WE'RE JUST AS HAPPY ABOUT IT AS YOU, SOLDIER-BOY...

I WANT LOOKOUTS POSTED AT TWENTY-FOOT INTERVALS!

GET SOME FIRES LIT! SEE TO THE WOUNDED!



TH-THIS HURTS, ABE... M-MY LEG FEELS LIKE IT'S BURNING UP...

YOU GOT OFF REAL EASY, PETE, THOSE CRITTERS JUST GAVE YOU A FEW SCRATCHES. I'LL CLEAN YOU UP AND YOU'LL BE RIGHT AS RAIN...



ALRIGHT, SOMEBODY HAD BEST START PROVIDING ME WITH SOME ANSWERS! WHAT IN THE NAME OF CREATION ARE THOSE ANIMALS?

THE LAKOTA HAVE KNOWN OF THEM FOR GENERATIONS, YELLOW-HAIR. THEY ARE ELDER SPIRITS FAR OLDER THAN MAN. WHEN THEY HUNT, THEY SEARCH FOR HUMAN FLESH...

THEY ARE CALLED THE WINDIGO.



ARE YOU SO CERTAIN, RUNNING BEAR?

BUT -- THEIR MANNER -- THEY ARE JUST AS THE STORIES DESCRIBE THEM...

THE TRUE WINDIGO CAN FREEZE A MAN WHERE HE STANDS WITH ITS SCREAM. THESE BEASTS HOWL FOR OUR BLOOD BUT OUR LEGS MOVED QUICKLY ENOUGH, HEY?



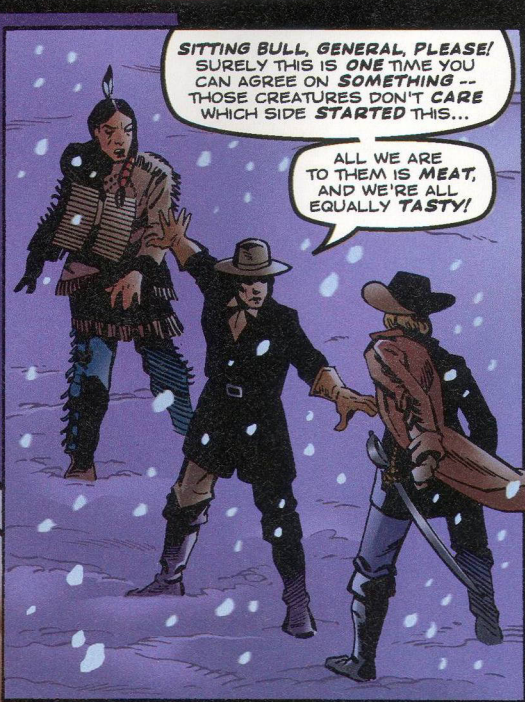
BUT WHATEVER THEIR NATURE, ONE THING IS CLEAR...

THIS IS YOUR DOING, GREAT GENERAL! -- YOU FOUND THE GOLD, YOU LED THE MINERS HERE, YOU ANGERED THE SPIRITS WITHIN THESE HILLS!

I HAVE NO INTEREST IN YOUR SUPERSTITIOUS BABBLINGS!

MY PEOPLE HAVE SUFFERED YOUR GREED LONG ENOUGH!

I WILL NOT BE INSULTED BY AN IGNORANT NATIVE!



SITTING BULL, GENERAL, PLEASE! SURELY THIS IS ONE TIME YOU CAN AGREE ON SOMETHING -- THOSE CREATURES DON'T CARE WHICH SIDE STARTED THIS...

ALL WE ARE TO THEM IS MEAT, AND WE'RE ALL EQUALLY TASTY!



STEADY
THERE, PETE...

ABE...
I'M SO
HOT...

WH-WHY
AM I...



AARRRHHH!

PETE!!!

AARRROOOO!



EVERYONE,
GET BACK!



NO!
NO!



AARRRR--

SHHLKK!

LORD HAVE
MERCY UPON
YOUR SOUL...

A SHAPE-CHANGING
SPIRIT ENTERED
HIS BODY...



MORE LIKELY A
DOSE OF DNA
RESEQUENCING,
AND AT A
SPECTACULAR
RATE, HIS ENTIRE
BODY'S GENETIC
CODE WAS
REWRITTEN IN
SECONDS...

DON'T TOUCH
THE BLOOD, IT
COULD BE
DANGEROUS.

BUT...
IF IT'S A
CONTAGION,
THEN THAT
COULD
MEAN...

OH NO...

THE WINDIGOS
DIDN'T KILL
THE LINCOLN
MINERS...

THEY ARE
THE LINCOLN
MINERS.





THAT -- THAT'S PREPOSTEROUS! I'VE NEVER HEARD SUCH NON--

GENERAL, I KNOW THIS IS A LOT TO ABSORB BUT PLEASE WORK WITH ME! YOU SAW THAT MAN CHANGE!

LIGHT! YES... WE HAVE TO HOLD THEM OFF UNTIL DAYBREAK. WE'LL NEED LOTS OF FLASH-CHARGES -- GUNPOWDER MIXED WITH IRON FILINGS, COMPACTED INTO SMALL CONTAINERS.

"OUR HEAD-START ISN'T GOING TO LAST MUCH LONGER."

THE WINDIGOS STAYED UNDERCOVER UNTIL NIGHTFALL. LOOK AT THE SHAPE OF THEIR EYES, THE STRUCTURE OF THE CORNEA -- THEY'RE NOCTURNAL.

NOW, WHAT DO NIGHT-ANIMALS RETREAT FROM...?

GET YOUR MEN WORKING QUICKLY, GENERAL...



SOON...

ENEMY SIGHTED!

WE'RE READY, SIR...

ON MY ORDER, CORPORAL...



SKK-SSSHHHH! SKK-SSSHHHH!

NOW!

SHRREEEE!

IT'S WORKIN'! THEY'RE ALL PULLIN' BACK! WA-HOOO!

CELEBRATE LATER! DON'T STOP, READY ANOTHER CHARGE! WE NEED MORE LIGHT!



TRROOOM!

WHAT--?

ABOVE US!
SOMETHING
ABOVE--



SHKUUU!
SHKUUU!
SHKUUU!



SHKUUU!
SHKUUU!
SHKUUU!



WHAT THE
HELL..?

TH-THEY'RE ALL...
THEY'RE ALL
DEAD!

CAME DOWN
LIKE THE
WRATH OF
GOD...



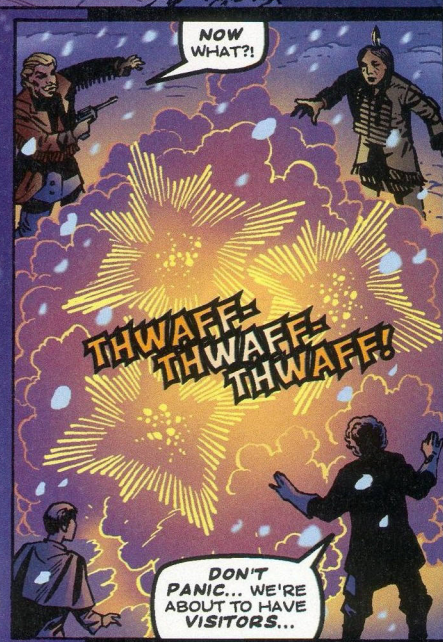
LZZLZZLRRMMMM

LORD'A
MERCY,
WH-WHAT
IS IT?!

WHATEVER
IT IS, IT JUST
SAVED OUR
SKINS!

OH
NO...

IT'S OUR
SALVATION,
THAT'S
WHAT IT IS!



NOW
WHAT?!

THWAAFF
THWAAFF
THWAAFF!

DON'T
PANIC... WE'RE
ABOUT TO HAVE
VISITORS...



FRIENDLY
ONES, I
THINK...

OH, COULD THERE
BE ANY **DOUBT**, MY
COMRADE? YOU
WOULD ME!

GREETINGS TO YOU, DENIZENS OF 1875! WHAT A PROUD
YEAR OF **CULTURAL CONQUEST** AND **SCIENTIFIC
PROGRESSION**! TO PARTAKE OF SUCH HISTORICAL
SPLENDOR IS A SINGULAR HONOUR!

CHECK OUT THE
INDIANS, UNCLE!
CAN WE MAKE THEM
DO A RAINDANCE?

HUSH, MY
SWEET, DON'T
BE VULGAR.



JODAFRA...

DOCTOR! WHAT AN EXPECTED
SURPRISE! DAME FORTUNE HAS
BLESSED US WITH A JOYOUS
REUNION, AS I KNEW SHE WOULD!
YOU LOOK WELL!

AND
YOU LOOK...
PREPARED...



ALWAYS,
DEAR FELLOW,
ALWAYS...

HELLO, DESTRII. YOU'RE
FLESH AND BLOOD
AGAIN, I SEE...

ALL THE FLESH
YOU'LL EVER
NEED, DOC, IF
YOU CAN EVER
PLUCK UP THE
NERVE...

HEY,
WHERE'S
IZZY?



SHE'S
BACK
HOME NOW.

DUMPED
YOU AT
LAST, HUH?

GENTLEMEN, GENTLEMEN! THERE'S
NO NEED FOR **HOSTILITIES**! THAT
WOULD HARDLY BE **PRUDENT**... OR
GRACIOUS... OR **WISE**...

DO BELIEVE
ME WHEN I
TELL YOU...



I AM THE
ANSWER TO
ALL YOUR
PRAYERS...

NEXT: DESTRII
RIDES AGAIN



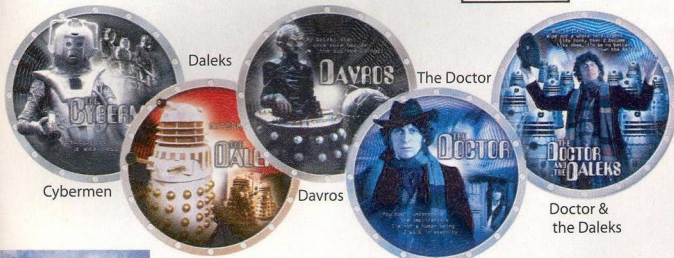
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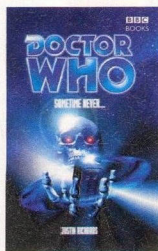
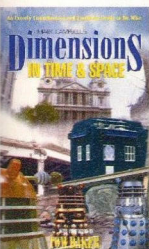
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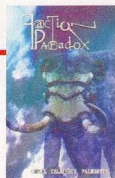


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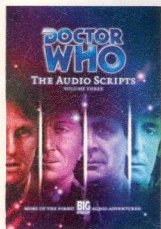
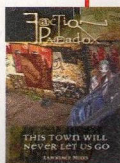
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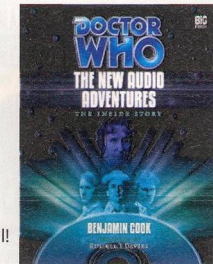
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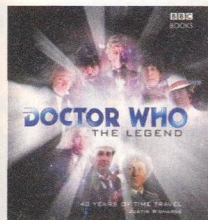
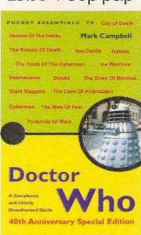


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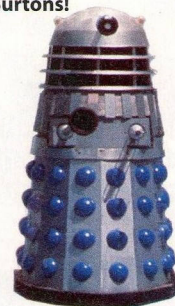
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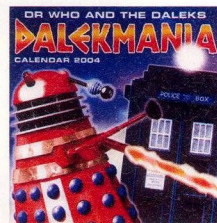


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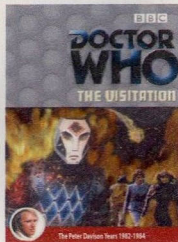
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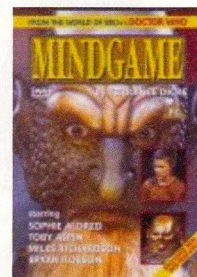
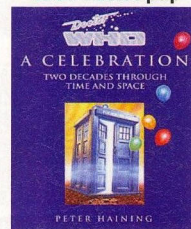


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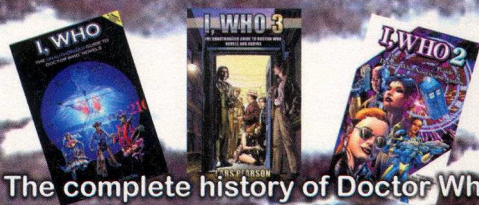
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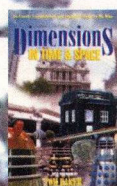
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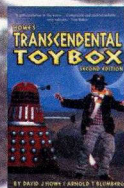
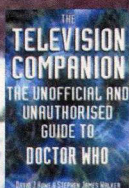


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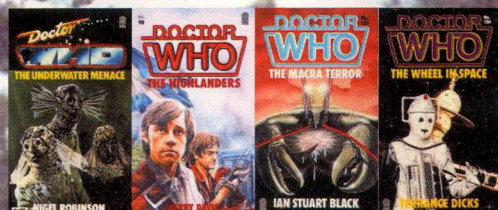
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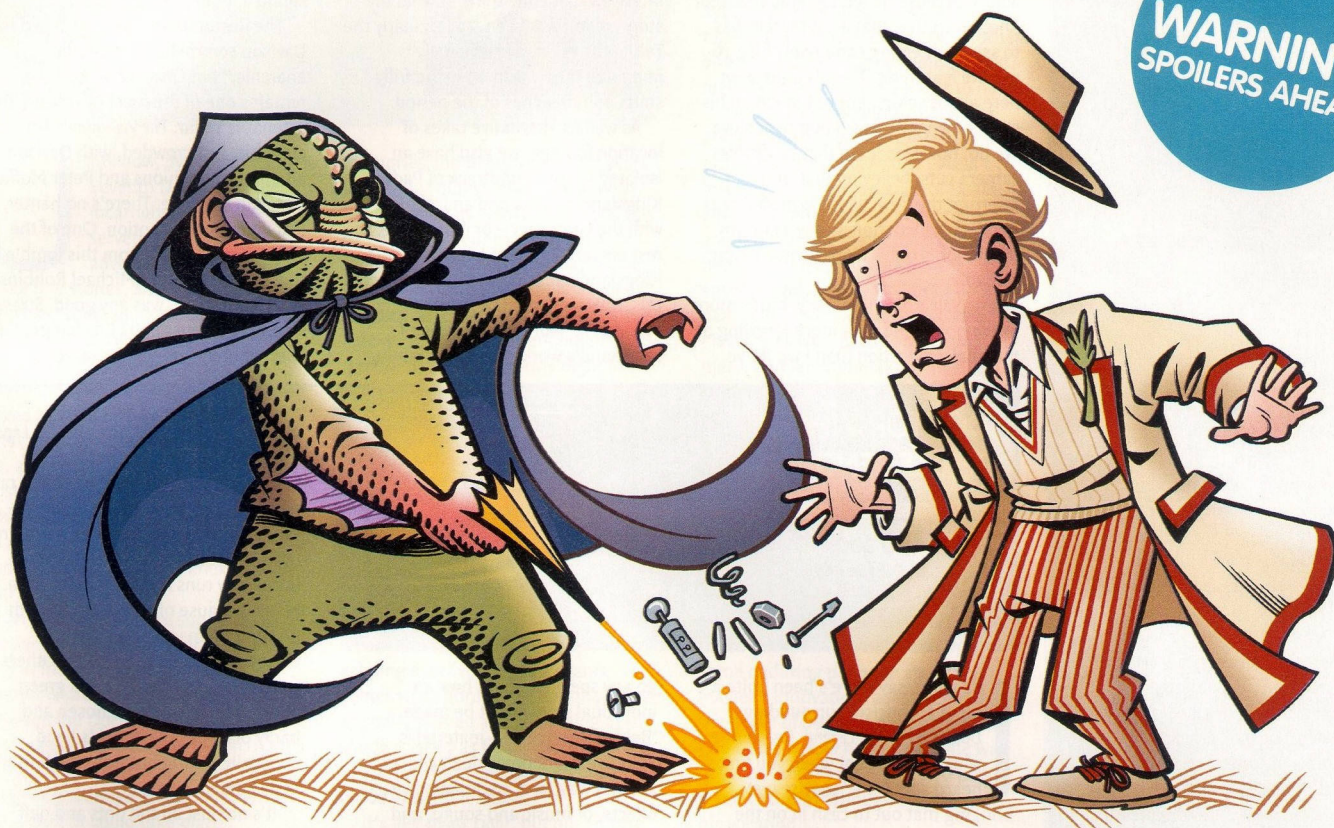
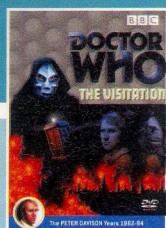


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DOCTOR WHO THE VISITATION

DVD BBC WORLDWIDE
AUTHOR ERIC SAWARD
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REVIEWER VANESSA BISHOP



seem to remember reading an early article about the recording of Peter Davison's first season, which had the actor enthusing about the scripts of *The Visitation* which he'd just read the previous night – and on paper, you can see what all that excitement might've been about. The Bubonic Plague! The Great Fire of London! Death roaming the countryside in the form of the Terileptil's android, toggled up as the Grim Reaper! Oh, the imagery! It's like some European horror film; you can imagine it waving its scythe as it looms out of the sulphur mists that sweep the blighted land.

Eric Saward's script is the kind of thing we imagine *Doctor Who* does all the time, but is actually a lot rarer than we think. Aside from *City of Death*'s brief visit to Florence 1505, the series hadn't popped back for a good old pseudo-historical since *Horror of Fang Rock*, and hadn't tied itself down to such a well-known date as this since ... well, probably, *The Time Meddler*.

In many ways, *The Visitation* is Saward's most complete work, free as it

is from Daleks and Cybermen. At times he shows an almost Holmesian touch with character, flashing in great chunks of backstory and detail in just a few deft lines – the Terileptils' escape from the prison planet Raaga, for example – that would seem to make him, at this time, absolutely the right choice for the series' script editor. For dramatic punch, Saward saves the Great Fire of London as a surprise at the end, a dummy run of what he did with the freighter and the dinosaurs at the end of *Earthshock* – except it works a lot better there. Most of the time it seems pretty obvious where *The Visitation* is heading, so it would have been better to capitalise on its punchline, and like *The Massacre*, make a point and threat of it from the start. This is another Davison story that clearly doesn't have enough for its companions to do. Whisking one of them off to London – Nyssa would seem the most obvious candidate – might have given the whole thing a bit more urgency; and anyway, the Ealing-shot Pudding Lane is by far the most handsome part of the production, and

it wouldn't have hurt to see a bit more of it – nor a bit more of the flavour of the seventeenth century in general, as shown in the story's rather charming, and authentically-lit, prologue.

Still, it's not up to me to rewrite *The Visitation*, but merely comment on whether or not what we got actually works ... and sadly, I don't think much it does. Yes, Saward missed a few tricks – not only with the fire, but with the rats as well. This should've been their big *Doctor Who* moment – doing for them what *The Green Death* did for maggots, and *Planet of the Spiders* did for arachnids – yet all we get is two or three caged up in a box. Even so, there's still enough in Saward's script that's fairly exciting. The real problem is director

from behind a piece of scenery – no further tantalising glimpses of an eye or mouth, no zoom shot on the face, nothing. Another scene with a very poor pay-off is Nyssa's destruction of the Android, now sans cloak and skull mask, and looking like something from *Starlight Express*. The thing blows up with a decent enough bang, but after the time spent building to the moment – almost two episodes – it feels too quick and easy. In fact, it's astonishing that, with only 20 stories released on DVD so far, as many as three of them should be directed by Peter Moffatt! Moffatt might have been good at balancing the books, bringing things in on time and on budget, but he hasn't the eye for *Doctor Who*'s brand of drama. Whatever it was

"THE VISITATION IS AN ENDLESS LIST OF SQUANDERED OPPORTUNITIES ..."

Peter Moffatt. Moffatt captures his Black Park locations prettily enough – including one or two unusual shots that look like they've been gained by climbing a tree – but fails miserably at injecting the story with any real feeling of fear. Take the Terileptil base, for example, which Saward has atmospherically hidden in the cellar of Squire John's manor house. There's a scene where it looks like Moffatt wants to crank up the suspense over what the Terileptils might look like – he goes for one shot of a purple claw, and that's it. Next shot, the Terileptil just walks out

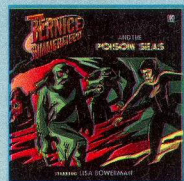
that helped to make *State of Decay* so gloriously doomy and theatrical vanished from Moffatt's grasp along with Tom Baker.

The Visitation is a list of squandered opportunities. Rats should squeak out from its soundtrack, we should hear them scuttling in the barns and cellars. The air should be thick with panic and superstition – death is on the breeze, and in 1666, many thought it was there by God's hand. Oh, how the production team wasted that image of the Grim Reaper – it should have been something that people remembered for years ...

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David Bailey's *The Poison Seas* not only resurrects the Sea Devils but takes Benny back to Choson, the setting for the author's previous play, *The Secret of Cassandra*. Bailey might be pleased – the location saving him from scripting another re-hash of the 'sea Devils vs Humans' fight for ownership of Earth – but Benny's certainly not. She's been 'volunteered' by Brax to investigate a terrorist threat to the planet's Sea Devil colony, and is pretty narked at being sent off in a dodgy sub, accompanied by the even dodgier Carver (Jenny Livsey).

The Poison Seas, however, isn't so much about solving mysteries, as it is a Malcolm Hulke-style eco-thriller about a protein in the water that's affecting the Sea Devils' DNA and causing them to mutate. Principal Lurnix, warbled splendidly by Ifan Huw Dafydd, is show-stealing as he transforms from the colony's respected leader into power-hungry protein 'creature' – the gradual decrease in his voice modulation as he becomes more 'possessed' being a nice audio touch.

Overall, though, the script has a tendency to repeat itself, spreading a good idea a little too thinly. What it does have, though, is atmosphere. David Darlington's eerie underwater incidentals have a touch of the Malcolm Clarke about them. The Sea Devils, too, are effective, although I would echo some of Bailey's initial reservations about their complete suitability for audio – their soft voices do occasionally get swamped by other sound effects. Like Hulke's work, *The Poison Seas* continues to show the creatures in a sympathetic light, playing on their fears for the colony's survival through the gently-spoken Clinician Nedda, a female Sea Devil played by Nicky Goldie.

For Benny, the story works best as a character-building exercise than a thrilling espionage assignment. At times, when justifying her life with speeches that begin "Who would fight the monsters? Who would be left to believe in the angels?", we could almost be listening to the Doctor.

VANESSA BISHOP

MYTH MAKERS # 57:

KEFF McCULLOCH

REELTIME PICTURES, £10.99



Two things strike me about Keff McCulloch in this interview. Firstly, his adaptability and obvious business sense – the video sleeve says 'Composer' but Keff's life shows how he's continually reinvented his career to suit

DVD EXTRAS

Of course, the truth about Peter Moffatt – or what I suspect to be the truth – is that he's a lovely bloke; a soft and gentle old ham who gave up screen acting because he felt too embarrassed. Another truth is that what Moffatt has to say on directing can't really fill a 26-minute featurette. There's quite a lot here about actors, but not much on his style, or what he was trying to achieve. We do, however, learn that he dislikes camera cuts, believing that they interrupt the flow, which is probably as good an explanation as any as to why the majority of his work seems to drag so badly.

Eric Seward's interview is much more to the point, and a lot more forgiving of the final production than I would've

thought. Seward clearly believes this is his most unsophisticated script, but that's not true. It might be simple, and easy to follow, but that's a different thing altogether. Again, much of this interview made me think of what the story could have been – particularly the Terileptils as Seward originally imagined them, clothed in the frilly shirts and breeches of the period.

As well as alternative takes of location footage, we also have an isolated music soundtrack of Paddy Kingsland's score, and an interview with the composer – or part of one, the rest presumably kept back for future Kingsland releases, and by the looks of this, they should all be quite interesting. Not that I'm a fan of Kingsland's work – it's all a bit busy

and intrusive for me, a view he seems to hold as well now – but it's fascinating to see him at the keyboard, and offering alternative approaches to the score that, I have to agree with him, sound a lot better.

The Restoration Team has called the Davison commentary "typically anarchic," but *Caves* wasn't, and it remains one of the most observant and listenable so far. *The Visitation*'s isn't anarchic, just crowded, with Davison, all three companions and Peter Moffatt all talking at once. There's no banter, just endless interruption. One of the only things gleaned from this jumble is that no-one thought Michael Robbins as Richard Mace, was any good. Strange – despite all the things I'd change, I'd keep Robbins exactly the same!

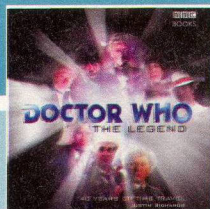
DOCTOR WHO: THE LEGEND

BLOODY BIG BOOK BBC WORLDWIDE

AUTHOR JUSTIN RICHARDS

RRP £40.00

REVIEWER VANESSA BISHOP



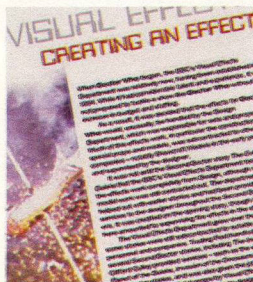
It's fair to say there's been quite a bit of scepticism surrounding *Doctor Who: The Legend*. Remember what you thought when you first heard about it – "they're just bringing that out to cash in on the anniversary" and "what do we want with another Haining-style book anyway?" Then there was the price – remember how your jaw dropped when you first heard how much it was, and how others looked when you told them? "That's a pound a year!" said a friend. Well, no, it's not. Although the cover sleeve promises a look back at the Doctor's career "on television and in books, films, audio series and comic strips", the latter part of that journey is covered in a cough. There's a few bits and pieces en route – the frequent appearance of the Quarks in *TV Comic*, for example – but post-1989 *Doctor Who* (bar the TV Movie) gets about six pages in total – and over half of them are about *Scream of the Shalka*.

go any specifics about how an individual story might be made. 'Behind-the-scenes' material is selective, sometimes dealt with in a general way, with a spread on visual effects, or music and sound, and sometimes tagged onto the end of a story – *The Time Warrior*, for instance, has a piece on Bernard Lodge's slit-scan titles; *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*, *Death to the Daleks* and *The Monster of Peladon* have nothing at all.

What's left is what the book calls "the wider tapestry – the detail that is

illustrated, well, this is where *The Legend* really disappoints. It's not that the photos aren't there – although the rare ones number fewer than I thought – the real problem is the book's design, (and I use the word loosely) that intrusively runs its text all over them. Many, because of an obsession with printing them in a silver wash, disappear almost completely. Others get sickly tints of purple and green. Some are just stupidly chosen and badly placed – Sharaz Jek's head comically staring out from the bottom of *Androzani*'s page.

It's not just all the tints and naff design ideas that make *The Legend* so visually displeasing, it has way too many typefaces – an ugly typewriter-ish one for quotes, a Kg-ish one for story titles, something else for the 'TARDIS Databank' box-outs and another, more standard one for the journey information. Add to this the text



"A MIXTURE OF THE BOG-STANDARD AND THE BLEEDIN' OBVIOUS!"

The Legend is what we all expected it to be – a big, glossy and largely gratuitous trip through all the Doctor's televised adventures. The saving grace of it should have been its author, Justin Richards – who, I have it on good authority, knows a thing or two about his subject – and its access to the BBC Picture Archive, and the rare photos from private collectors that the book has been promoting since it was first announced. Richards knows his audience will be fans, so he's keen not to bore us. So out goes any detailed plot synopsis, save for little box-outs that set the adventures up in the manner of *Radio Times* listings, and out

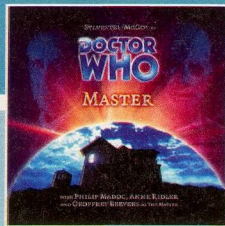
so often neglected, but which gives such depth and colour..." So, with the first Dalek story, we not only get a passage on them and the Thals, but also one on the Petrified Jungle and the Lake of Mutations. *Revenge*, as well as dealing with *Voga* and *Nerva Beacon*, has a paragraph on *Cyberbombs*, and *The Seeds of Doom* a bit on the *World Ecology Bureau*. In effect, then, the rest of *The Legend* is a kind of large format version of Jean-Marc Lofficier's old *Universal Databank* – except Lofficier covered more, and *The Legend*'s entries are mainly written around quoting what characters have said on screen.

As for the book being lavishly

appearing as black on white, white on black and black on silver, as well as black on blue, red and green, and you have a real mess of a book, insensitive both to its source material and your retina. As unattractive as the majority of the book is, it actually manages to get worse in its last third, where the layout betrays even less care, and perhaps just a general tiredness with the project. As Richards implies, one book can't cover *Doctor Who* – it's always going to fall short. This time next year, this might be just about the best *Doctor Who* book a new viewer could have, but now, and for the rest of us, *The Legend* turns out to be a meticulously researched mixture of the bog-standard and the bleedin' obvious. It's the kind of thing you might expect from Ikea: *Doctor Who* turned coffee-table book – with a few bits missing.

DOCTOR WHO MASTER

AUDIO DRAMA **BIG FINISH**
AUTHOR **JOSEPH LIDSTER**
RRP **£13.99**
REVIEWER **DAVE OWEN**



Until now, Sylvester McCoy's Seventh Doctor was the incarnation least well-served by the audio adventures. Oh, he's had some fine stories, and McCoy has delivered some unmistakable performances, but I haven't really had cause to reappraise him in the way I have the others. Perhaps as a follower of the *New Adventures*, I had already seen this Doctor remoulded and tuned up, and had already been through the post-television epiphany of thinking "that's what he should have been like all along." It's finally happened on audio though, suddenly, unexpectedly and delightfully.

An obvious structure supports the production, which feels far more like a play in four acts than a serial. Each quarter is prefaced with a dialogue between the Doctor and an assassin he has unexpectedly dropped in on. Rather than being here to wrest his gun or make impassioned pleas, he's here to tell a story. It could take place anywhere, and could have taken place on the shores of Lake Windermere in 1910, but for a show of loyalty by author Joseph Lidster to the *New Adventures* which surely inspired him, is on a colony world in the time of the Empress and the Adjudicators, which adopts the mores of the Edwardian age.

With the Doctor absent for the remainder of the first part, a refreshingly simple play unfolds, of Doctor John Smith, found without his

memories and being visited ten years later by his oldest new friends. With Smith played by Geoffrey Beevers, this can only be about to become an unhappy home. I love the way *Doctor Who* slows down and simplifies for 25 minutes here, with ample time for the listener to visualise a gentleman's remote house on a stormy night in winter. Musician and sound man David Darlington comes of age, with an authentically period score (the hardest kind, presumably, for these MIDI

wunderkind) and subtle whispered echoing inner voices. As a séance comes to an abrupt halt and the Doctor appears, burned and screaming at the window, one has finally experienced a Seventh Doctor episode with both mood and moderation.

It's like *Ghost Light*, but not on acid. The theatre mood continues, as the cast splits into couples, seldom all appearing at once, and often not returned to for nearly an episode at a time. The 'it's behind you' feel, such an integral part of televised *Doctor Who* comes not only from Smith's friends being innocent of his nature, but from Smith himself being unaware of it. The whispers continue, and the household's gentility keeps dropping in fits. If this were a far less considered production,

Smith would snap out of his disguise and try to take over the Empire at the conclusion of Part Two, but such is Lidster's confidence that he decides to go for a more subtle approach: Smith is the Master, but with his nature subsumed to his new personality. At times he is unaware of his self, at others aware of his self, but not himself, and on occasions, the man we love to hate.

Smith is an amateur psychologist and has time to debate the nature of evil with the Doctor. At first I wasn't inspired by the appearance of Death, an anthromorphic version of the reaper, and felt that she might have been better portrayed as Fate, more appropriately for the Doctor to do a deal with (it's he who asked for the Master to have a decade as a good man), and felt that making the Master Death's Champion, just as the Doctor has been said to be Time's Champion was a symmetry too far. After all, the Master doesn't revel in, or preserve

"MASTER FINALLY GIVES ME CAUSE TO REAPPRAISE MCCOY'S DOCTOR"

death itself. But as I listened on, to some enduring dialogue about the Master's motivation, considering that the death of others is nothing for him, and that it would never get in the way of his quest for knowledge and power, it seemed a fair enough summary of his vocation.

I grew up on Pertwee and Delgado sword fighting and showing off. Having grown up still further, I thought I didn't want any more of the character. It's therefore all the more pleasing to be able to say that the scenes where this Master is self-aware, yet not consumed by his evil, and is able to resume a loyal friendship with a clearly moved Doctor, are the most enjoyable I have ever experienced between the characters. They're indisputably the most moving.

changing trends in music and multi-media industries. Secondly, his awareness of fan attitudes towards his *Doctor Who* work – work that, these days, he doesn't like very much himself.

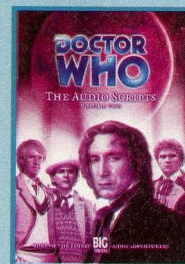
His enthusiasm at composing for *Doctor Who* – particularly that he got to do Dalek and Cybermen stories – is still evident, and very endearing. He's also quick to praise the Ron Grainer/Delia Derbyshire theme ("the original of everything is always best"), admiring its denseness, a quality he aimed for in his own version. But as he himself observes, he spends much of the interview apologising for the sounds he made, specifically those much-criticised drum machines – "I personally hate a lot of the stuff I did," he admits.

Despite this air of dissatisfaction, we do get the stuff he enjoyed too, and pick up on some of his composing techniques, and his preference for synth sounds, as used in *Time and the Rani*, which he still regards as his best score. *Dimensions in Time* he views as a shambles, preferring to talk more about his work on the Shada video release.

As with Tristram Cary (*Myth Makers 54*), examples of Keff's work are not able to be included on the tape. Neither, aside from drumming a table to distract interviewer Nick Briggs, does he offer up any impromptu performances – surprising, considering his repeated desire, as an accomplished guitarist and pianist, to start performing again.

VANESSA BISHOP

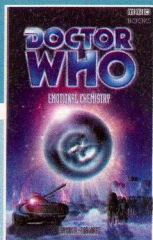
DOCTOR WHO THE AUDIO SCRIPTS VOL II BIG FINISH, £15.99



Big Finish's second volume of Audio Scripts again picks one play from each of its four Doctors, and again asks their authors to ruminate on the inspirations behind each one and how their ideas changed during the writing. Last time, however, these pieces drifted into recounting the story's recording, and dishing out praise to all areas of the production. Nothing wrong with that, except when collected together, things all started to sound a bit samey. At a guess, I'd say Volume Two's authors have been asked to concentrate solely on their script. Studio shenanigans, script decisions and general 'love this, not so sure about that' stuff is now largely dealt with by Gary Russell in a new 'Notes' section – primarily there to point out script alterations, but made much more fascinating by all its backstage gossip and the new information you can find out. From *The One Doctor*, for example, we learn it's unlikely that Geordie funsters Ant and Dec will be turning up in a Big Finish any time soon – Dec, the former boyfriend of Sally-Anne actress Clare Buckfield, reportedly giving a blunt 'get me out of here' response to Russell's invitation. I also winced to hear a copy of *The Horns of Nimon* had been taken to

DOCTOR WHO EMOTIONAL CHEMISTRY

NOVEL **BBC BOOKS**
AUTHOR **SIMON A FORWARD**
RRP **£5.99**
REVIEWER **MATT MICHAEL**



Having set the universe back on track in *Timeless*, the Eighth Doctor, Fitz and Trix materialise in Moscow in 2024 where they become embroiled in the theft of a painting by travellers from the future. As the plot unfolds, Fitz gets involved in a Russian UNIT operation, Trix meets the goddess Aphrodite and is taken back to 1812 Russia during the Napoleonic Wars, while the Doctor falls in with the burglars and travels to the war-torn Russia of the Fifty-First Century, where General Razum Kinzhal is leading the Icelandic Alliance to victory.

References to the wars of the year 5000 should immediately bring to mind *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*. However, the novel is in no way a direct sequel to earlier story. Magnus Greel's baleful presence is only felt, never seen, though the novel is steeped in the lore of *Talons*. Thus we have time-travelling soldiers who have been horrendously injured by Zygya-beam energy, and the sort of florid, over-the-top dialogue ("I'm having Kinzhal's major intestine as a necklace!") that would make the Limehouse Ghoul proud.

But for all this, *Emotional Chemistry* is not a Gothic horror. And although, as in

many other recent Eighth Doctor novels, time travel plays a fundamental part in the plot, on this occasion the motivation is not to change history, but love. General Kinzhal, in 5000, and Dusha, trapped in 1812, are two parts of a single being, one representing the intellect, the other the emotions, condemned to separation in two distant time zones. However, Kinzhal has taken advantage of Greel's time travel technology to bridge the gap between centuries so that he can be reunited with his other half. Literally.

Emotional Chemistry's greatest strength is that it is a welcome change in tone and pace from the other Eighth Doctor books of the last 12 months. Time travel is used in a very different way than it has been in the other novels. The sinister Misl Vremya is a sort of temporal astral projection device that allows the user to slip into the mind of an historical figure, allowing the evil Garudin to manipulate soldiers in the Napoleonic Wars. Garudin himself, a brutal thug who

Seasons of Fear's recording, and that McGann, on seeing the monsters, had muttered that he was glad he was doing *Doctor Who* on audio. Judging by these notes, the Big Finish crowd obviously have a whale of a time making *Doctor Who* – the laughter rings out from some of these pages. Gary's style can be a bit 'showbiz', but I feel I should forgive it that because it offers exactly the kind of 'fly on the wall' insight lacking from the first volume.

There's also been an increase in supplementary material. In *The Eye of the Scorpion*'s case, it's a fairly recognisable early draft of its first one-and-a-half episodes, but with *Hatchepsut* – a real female Pharaoh – in the place of the fictional Erimen. With *Dust Breeding*, however, we get to see the first part of a completely different Master script by Mike Tucker, abandoned when Anthony Ainley pulled out of the project. *Dark Rising* is a very traditional Master story in the Pertwee mode, and maybe it's that which makes it leap off the page. Of course, a lot would count on Big Finish making Saladin, the talking Great Dane, believable, but I found its cheesy mix of sinister refineries, stone circles and covens hugely enjoyable. It may be 'comfort food' *Doctor Who*, but I'm sad it wasn't made.

It has to be said, though, judgements like that are pretty hard to make. Performances can break a play as well as make it. There isn't really an example of the former in any of these four plays, but you do sometimes miss the actors' input. This is what happens to *The One Doctor*, which is fun to read, but hard to inject with the same pace that made it a success on disc. I'd put *Seasons of Fear* just behind *The One Doctor* on audio, but just ahead on the printed page, largely because Paul Cornell and Caroline Symcox write longer, uninterrupted dialogue which the reader can settle into more easily. *Seasons*' 'extras' amount to a plot synopsis. *The One Doctor*, to encourage DVD similarities even further, gets a trailer – two, in fact, or more accurately, the same one, but with a breakdown of its two different edits (this kind of detail might be taking things too far), plus the script for its *Feast of Steven*-style hidden track, and the 'SuperBrain' quiz questions in full. Both Gareth Roberts and Clayton Hickman lament that Christopher Biggins never turned up in *TV Doctor Who*. I'm not sure I do, but agree he's well cast – and excellent – as Banto Zame. It would appear that all of Roberts' and Hickman's scripts start with Biggins. *Crossroads in Time*, included in the book as a rejected four-part outline, would have seen Biggins as the manager of a Midlands motel. This is best when just poking fun at the conventions of soap opera – Mel running into her old school sweetheart, Danny, and marrying him by Part Four – and weakest when trying to explain it away as a kind of *Mind Robber*-ish simulation.

I'm still not totally convinced that script books of audios you can play whenever you like aren't an odd idea, or that script books as a whole aren't outmoded, but this volume is a much more varied and informative read than the first, and if scripts are the peg Big Finish has chosen to hang this kind of interesting and enlightening extra material on, so be it.

VANESSA BISHOP

smiles as he breaks Fitz's fingers, is another strong villain along similar lines to *Timeless*' Daniel Basalt, but his plot to rule the Earth is small potatoes compared to top Kinzhal's world-shattering desire for Dusha.

Characterisation is good, particularly of the Russian characters. UNIT Colonel Bugayev is an archetypal Russian fatalist, whose dour exterior and grim humour are familiar from countless Cold War thrillers. The regulars also fare reasonably well, and although Trix spends most of the book chasing a locket and pretending to be someone else, the fact that we are privy to her thoughts and fears means that we get a far better understanding of her personality here than we have done

previously. Forward also has a fair stab at evoking the feel of Russian literature, although the shortness of the book works against him in this respect, particularly his efforts to reproduce the epic sweep of the nineteenth century classics in the 1812 sections.

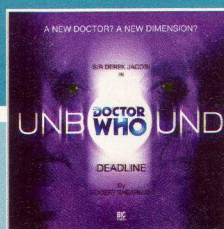
Another problem is that there is little in the novel to distinguish the three time zones. This is particularly troublesome because the book disconcertingly jumps between them from paragraph to paragraph. One solution would have been shorter chapters, each one focusing on a single time zone. Another would have been to adopt notably different styles for the various time zones. This problem, combined with the lack of immediately

likeable characters, makes *Emotional Chemistry* an oddly detached and unemotional novel, particularly given that its central theme is a century-spanning love affair.

Emotional Chemistry lacks the dramatic punch of *Timeless* or the witty characterisation of *Wolfsbane*, although it is technically a more accomplished novel than either of them. Like Razum Kinzhal, it is coldly efficient, cultivating an air of icy grandeur rather than engaging the emotions. This makes it difficult to warm to. But despite this, there is much to praise about the book: the complex and unusual plot, the rich detail and the clever use of time travel. But ultimately, it is easier to admire *Emotional Chemistry* than it is to like it.

DOCTOR WHO UNBOUND DEADLINE

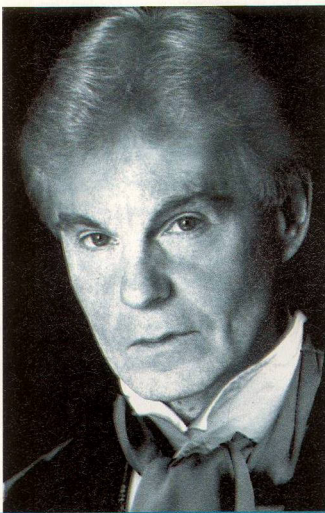
AUDIO DRAMA BIG FINISH
AUTHOR ROBERT SHEARMAN
RRP £9.99
REVIEWER DAVE OWEN



At times, *Deadline* resembles those *Viz* strips that interface *Eagle* innocence with the nastier realities of life. You know, the ones with by-lines that read "Young Tommy Bannister has a grandfather with a difference – he can travel anywhere in time and space with his magic wardrobe," only it turns out that when young Tommy turns up for an adventure, his grandfather is a demented and/or alcoholic wreck whose magic exists only in Tommy's eyes. We snigger, but there's always a touch of poignancy, not only to Granddad's lot, but also in Tommy's naiveté.

That juxtaposition is nothing, though, compared to the words colliding in *Deadline*. As soon as the opening, a beautifully paraphrased version of the climax of *An Unearthly Child*, is interrupted by an unseen storyteller, musing on the details, it becomes apparent that there are worlds within worlds. What could be very confusing isn't – at no point did

adventure. It's the most extreme of the *Unbound* series in that it is something that *Doctor Who* could never have become. In one way this targets it at a hardcore audience, who will appreciate mentions of Verity, or appearances by Sydney. Yet, in another, it makes its appeal



"JACOBI SOUNDS AS GOOD AS I ALWAYS HOPED HARTNELL WOULD"

I think I was listening to a dramatisation of the dawn of *Doctor Who* a-la Mark Gatiss, or that the TARDIS had drifted into another realm of fiction. The premise soon becomes obvious: writer Martin Bannister was asked to write *Doctor Who* 40 years ago, but the series was never made. Martin, now in his dotage, dreams a lot, especially about *Doctor Who*, and these dreams mingle with his experiences of the real world.

One more thing that this isn't, then, is another *Doctor Who*

more wide – this would serve perfectly as an afternoon play, requiring no knowledge whatsoever of Daleks, Time Lords, or Artron Energy. Thank God. That dichotomy is the heart of *Deadline*. Martin Bannister is an author of award-winning plays that he's proud of, and also teleplays he's ashamed of, even though they kept families distracted in their millions at Saturday teatimes. If Martin isn't a manifestation of author Robert Shearman's discomfort at penning serials for Big Finish lauded by thousands

when he instead wants to be interviewed on *Front Row* for his stage dramas and Radio 4 plays, then I am a very poor Saloon Bar psychiatrist indeed.

This is a simple idea, executed subtly. The whole cast, led by Sir Derek Jacobi, take dual roles. But 'dual' implies a binary switch between personae when in fact they slide between their real world parts of Martin and his estranged family and neighbour, and *Doctor Who* and his companions. So at times, when he's being a classical, stylised *Doctor Who*, Jacobi sounds as good as I thought William Hartnell did when I'd only read about the First Doctor, but when he's trapped in his delusions, although he's still *Doctor Who*, he reverts to his London Grammar School dialect, making me visualise actor David Ryall. Even though Shearman has scripted a grotesque parody of a *Doctor Who* fan journalist – only since there never was *Doctor Who*, he instead writes for Panini's *Juliet Bravo Magazine* – I take no offence and identify more with his interviewee, whose regrets and failings dog him eternally. Even when he retreats into his dream world, it's horribly mixed up with reality. The dreams wreck his reality, as he's found hiding in his wardrobe, believing it to be the TARDIS, and vice versa, as the Dalek analogues taunt him for his poor characterisation, and his granddaughter metamorphoses into the late wife he let down.

This is affecting because it's all about us – *Doctor Who* fans. We mix up our fantastic lives with our real ones. It's sometimes hard to enjoy a video of an old story, or revisit a novel or play, because something bad happened on first encounter. Sometimes we feel guilty because we sustain this world of escape, not only from here and now, but also from the wider world of art, music and literature that we might have space and time to enjoy if we weren't *Doctor Who* fans, or *Doctor Who* perpetrators.

A truly poignant thought is that at least a few of us will end up exactly where Martin Bannister is. I only hope our wardrobes take us somewhere happy...

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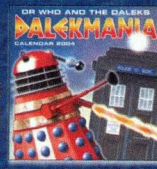
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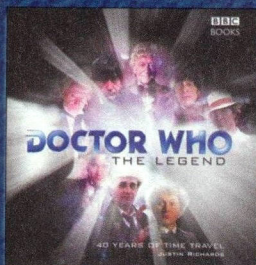
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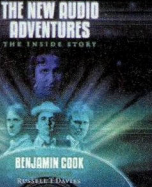
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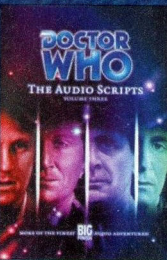


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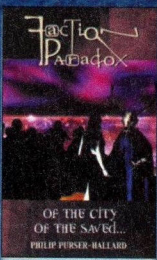


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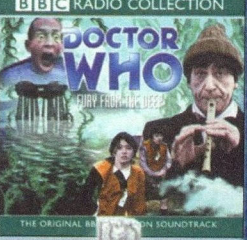
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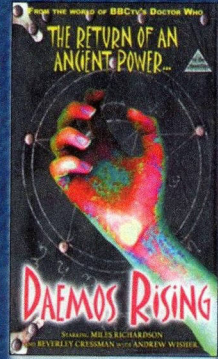
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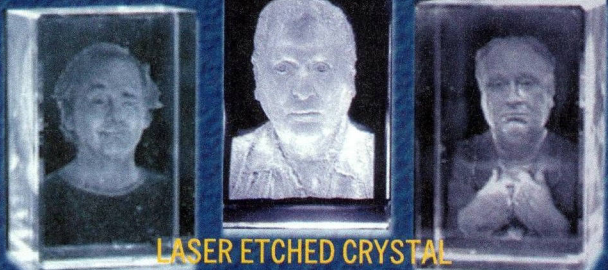


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IT'S THE END, BUT...

BY THE WATCHER

You've got to hand it to those fellows at BBC Worldwide. Whoever is writing the subtitles for the *Doctor Who* DVDs is a comic genius. You'd assume, wouldn't you, that DVD subtitles would be compiled with the help of the script, but this is evidently not the case. Instead, it appears that some poor soul sits down in front of something as patently un-transcribable as *Vengeance on Varos* or *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*, and scribbles down the first thing that comes into their head. That, at least, is the only explanation that might account for the fact that Borusa's line "Have him enter" in *The Five Doctors* is subtitled as "Elementor", or that Mr Sin's observation "She been smoking pipe of poppy!" is transcribed, incredibly, as "She been slugging type of toddy!" Take a look if you don't believe me. And there are plenty more where those came from.

But the *Doctor Who* equivalent of the 'mondegreen' (the accepted term for a misheard song lyric, coined as long ago as the 1950s by someone who'd heard the line "laid him on the green" as "Lady Mondegreen") is something that predates the DVD age by many years. If you're as old and silly as I am, you may remember a fanzine review of *The King's Demons*, infamous in its day, which lambasted Terence Dudley's dialogue on the basis that the reviewer had mistaken the Master's line "You can't approve" for "You can't have proof." The fact that the reviewer later went on to become one of the most highly-regarded of *Doctor Who* authors lends a particular piquancy to the tale.

Finding myself in a pub with a group of fellow *Doctor Who* twits recently, I mentioned the 'can't have proof' incident. To begin with my friends smiled back indulgently and admitted nothing. Then, out of the blue, somebody broke the ice



"I LIKE TO THINK THE MASTER'S REAL NAME IS JEHOSEPHAT JACKANAPES!"

by confessing that he used to think the animatronic cat in *Survival* was called Shomi (because the Master kept telling it to "Show me"), and suddenly the floodgates opened. I was unexpectedly inundated by confessions – a carnival of mondegreens, if you will.

The King's Demons was evidently a favourite source of mishearings; one of my friends thought the Master had asked Sir Ranulf to "butcher knights and men-at-arms at my command," and was perplexed as to why he wanted to massacre the Fitzwilliam household – mind you, given that this is scarcely any more stupid than the Master's actual plan, I think it's forgivable. And let's not forget that old favourite "You're getting old, Doctor – your willy's weak!" (While we're on the subject of schoolboy innuendo, let's get "ham-fisted bum-bender" out of the way. And what exactly is the Irish bloke saying in that recently-recovered censor clip from *The Wheel in Space*? It sounds like "I'm manly, arse me buckle!")

Pip and Jane Baker's characteristically ornate contributions to *The Trial of a Time Lord* proved incomprehensible to many young viewers, as I discovered on our night of confessions: Commodore Travers' pronouncement "I'll match you for candour" was bafflingly interpreted by one friend as "Alma Choofer Canda," while another of our number admitted to having assumed in his youth that there was a fabled ship called the *Zimbarta*, giving rise to Mel's observation: "Never mind the Sidney Carton heroics, you're not signing on the *Zimbarta* yet!" A renowned Big Finish author confessed to a long-held belief that Sharaz Jek whispers "You devil!" to the Doctor in *The Caves of Androzani*, when in fact he's whispering "Beautiful!" at Peri. Better still, another Big Finish veteran admitted that he used to believe *Logopolis* featured a scene in which Nyssa questioned the legitimacy of the Master's parentage in no uncertain terms: "The bastard killed my stepmother, and then my father, and now the world that I grew up in..."

Things start getting really sticky when the mondegreen transcends mere verbal parameters. It's not impossible to carry a huge misconception around with you for years on end, before finally embarrassing yourself in public. Thanks to one of Jon Pertwee's lines in

The Five Doctors, many fans appear to have believed at one time or another that the Master's real name is 'Jehosophat'. I once came across someone who was equally convinced that the Doctor's description of his arch-enemy as a 'jackanapes' in *Terror of the Autons* was also a reference to his name; as a result, I like to think that the Master's full name is in fact Jehosophat Jackanapes.

I happen to know – because I was the one who explained it to him – that until last year another popular *Doctor Who* author (we won't stoop to naming names, so let's just call him Caul Pornell) had always laboured under the misapprehension that the Doctor really *does* shoot the President in *The Deadly Assassin*. Still, glass houses and all that; for my part, I was bizarrely convinced during the first couple of episodes of *Logopolis* that my namesake the Watcher was an Auton, something I kept to myself for years before admitting it at our increasingly alcohol-fuelled confessional. To my immense relief someone immediately said, "Oh yes, I thought that too," before going on to add, "I also thought the androids in *Earthshock* were Autons. And the Kraal androids with the finger guns." The same friend was convinced that the Doctor had regenerated into Sergeant Benton at the end of *Planet of the Spiders*, an opinion he maintained until *Robot* hit the airwaves six months later. And if you think that's silly, I can give you the names and addresses of several people who fleetingly believed that the silhouette of Captain Tancredi at the end of Part Two of *City of Death* was an Ogron. Watch it and you can certainly see the unintentional resemblance – but I mean, honestly!

Ah, fans and their overactive imaginations. The 'tonight on BBC1' trailer for the final episode of *Nightmare of Eden* featured Kg saying "Sensors indicate that the Master is not aboard the ship," which got me terribly excited for all the wrong

reasons. The presence of Matthew Waterhouse's name in the *Radio Times* listings for *Time-Flight* convinced another friend that the crashed spaceship in the prehistoric wilderness was the freighter from *Earthshock*, wherein Adric would be found safe and well. Famously, an off-the-record glimpse of a Vanir helmet in 1982 was enough to spark a fandom-wide rumour that the Ice Warriors were due to return in *Terminus*.

But you can't beat a good old-fashioned mondegreen, so let's finish with my uncontested favourite from our night of red faces: "That's three I's in one breath – makes you sound a rather eager-testicled young lady."

Well, I don't think I'll ever be able to watch that scene again. Thankfully. **DWM**

THE FINAL TEST

WHAT CONNECTS:

- 1 Mission to the Unknown, *Doctor Who* and the Silurians, *The Mind of Evil*, *The Dæmons*, *The Sea Devils*, *The Sontaran Experiment*, *Genesis of the Daleks*, and no others?
- 2 Broken Tooth, The Girl [pictured], Rev Wainwright, and a Haemovore?
- 3 *The Mind Robber* Episode 1, *Terror of the Autons*, *The Trial of a Time Lord* Parts Nine-Twelve, *Carnival of Monsters*, and *Planet of the Spiders*?
- 4 Maynarde's creditor, a freighter captain, and a helpful Liverpudlian?
- 5 *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* (only in the trailer), *The Tenth Planet* (only in the novelisation), *The Wheel in Space* (only by implication), and the TV Movie?
- 6 BOSS, Medok, Swann, Goodge, and Nimrod?





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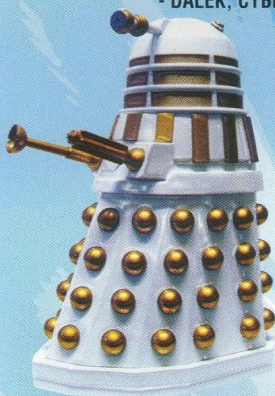
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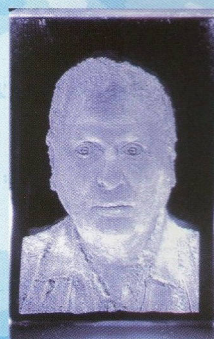
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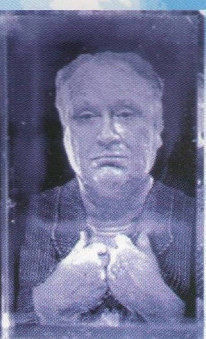
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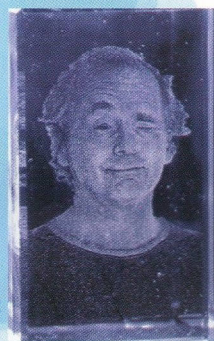
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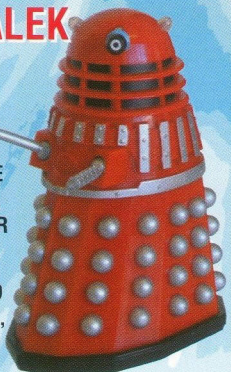
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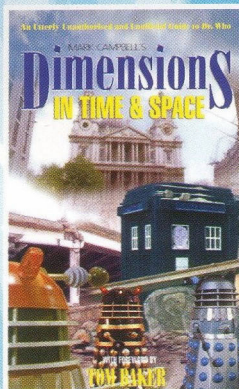
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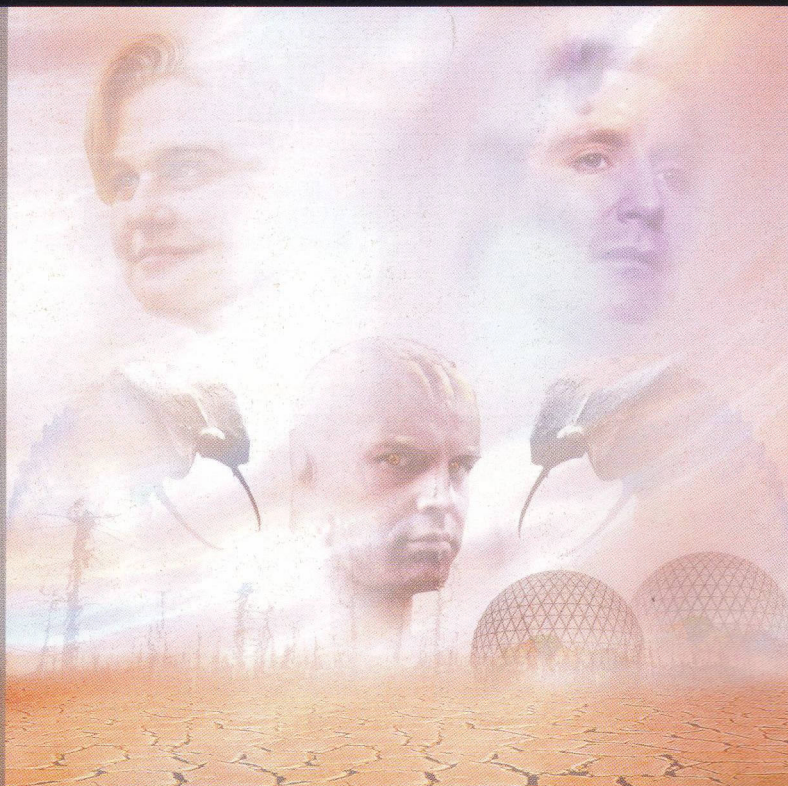


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